

REVEAL DIGITAL

The Seed

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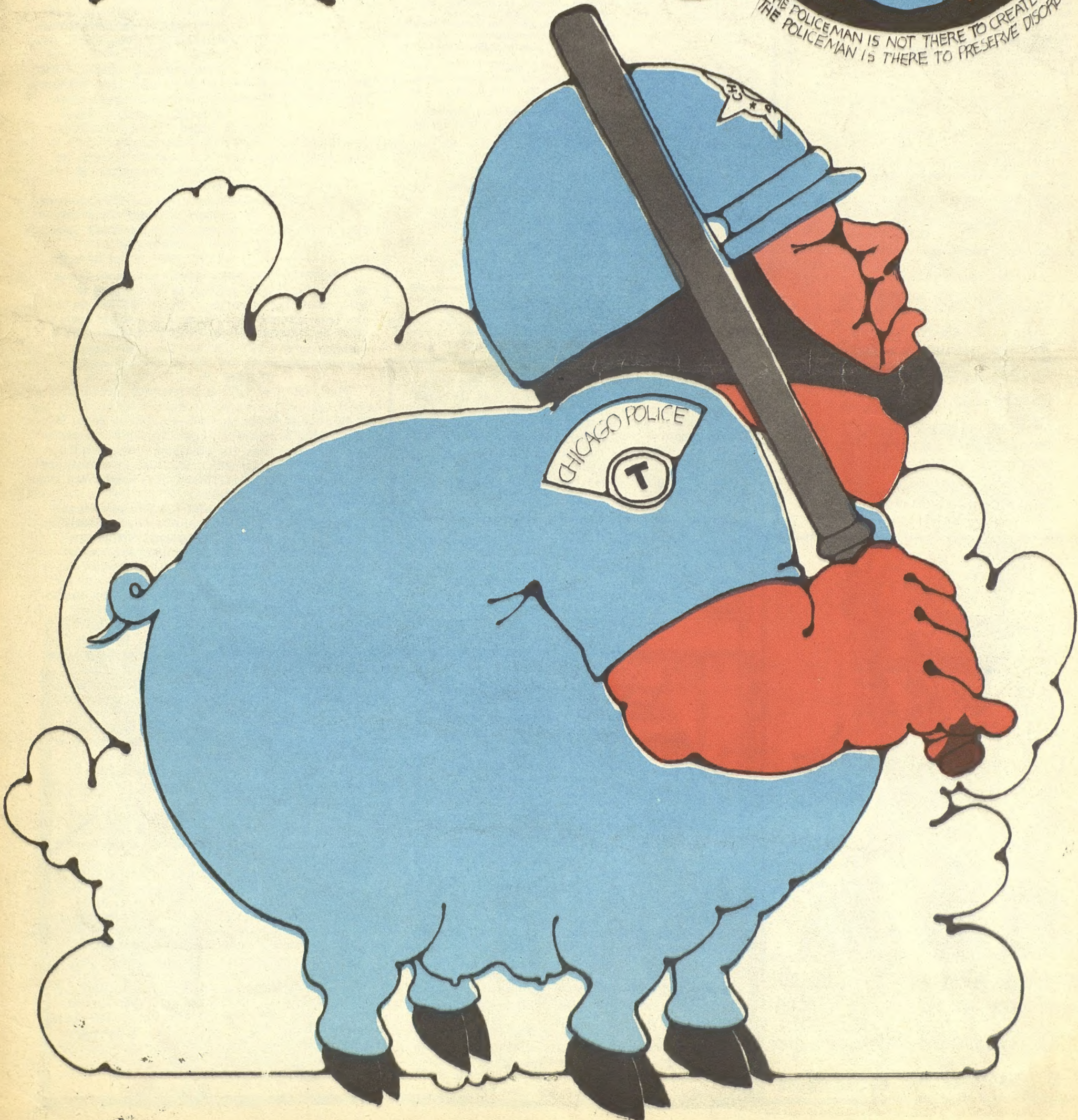
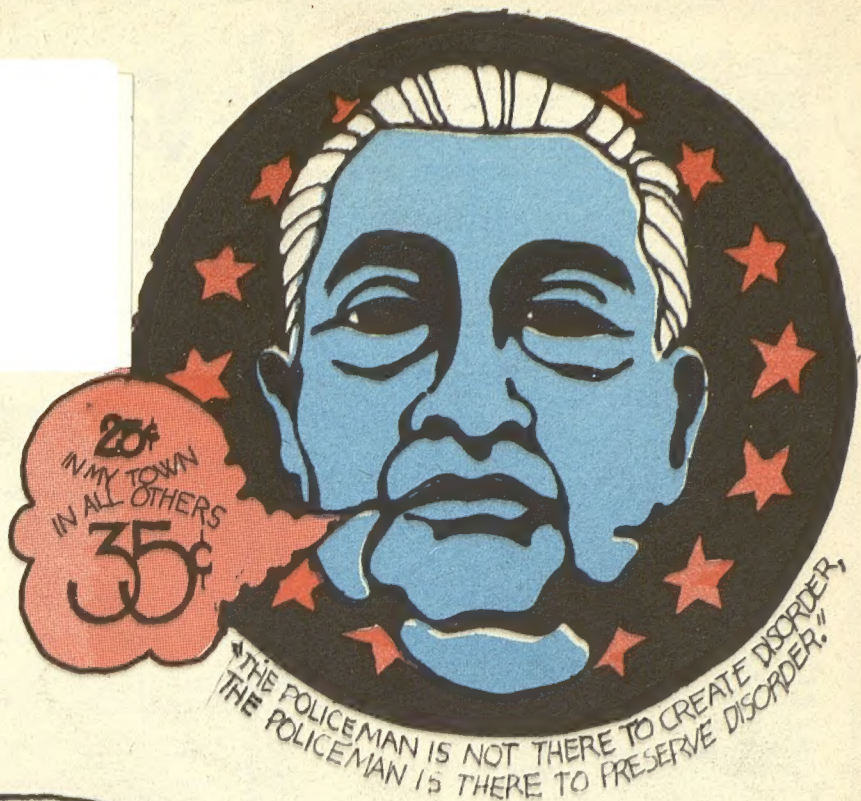
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The Seed is a former flower-paper published every two weeks (?) by Seed Publishing, 837 N. LaSalle Street, Chicago 60610. Subscriptions cost six dollars for a year or 26 issues; which ever comes last.

We belong to UPS, LNS and the B'Nai Brith. Ad and copy deadlines are the first and third Wednesday of the month. We will read manuscripts and return them if you provide a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Business, hello phone--337-2623.
Ads--ask for Eliot at 943-5290 (newy).

CASUALTY LIST

Clubbed: Al Rosenfeld Hit on Helmet: Colin
Maced: Filth Gassed: Abe (3)
Freaked Out: Jackie P. Eliot (10)
Smacked: John Stu (2)
Delivered: Josh of Jackie Walrus Valerie (4)
In Hiding: Steve Fled: G. Gandalfus
Masked: Dennis Assassinated: H. Wass.
Robbed: Bob Wettlauser Censored: D. Van Tass.
Blackballed: E. P. R. Feldman
Pissed Off: Phil Ackermann
Putsched: K-H Meschbach
Compromised: R. Gleason
Infected: Aistin Rejected: R. Crumb
Neglected: V. Bode Inspected: S. Williamson
Vivisected: J. Rubin, the Pig, and Mrs. Pig.
Jay Lynch chewed tin. Dropped: Almas
Kerry Thornley ate weeds.
Nystedmixed media.
Monster-maker: D. Herring
Festival Co-ordinator: Hippopocrates.
Popped: Yussef Ben-Zedrine.
On Vacation: Harry

A married woman, whose lover was about to reform by running away, procured a pistol and shot him dead.

"Why did you do that, madam?" inquired a policeman sauntering by.

"Because," replied the married woman, "he was a wicked man, and had purchased a ticket to Chicago."

"My sister," said an adjacent Man of God solemnly, "you cannot stop the wicked from going to Chicago by killing them."

Ambrose Bierce

HELPFUL #s--CLIP & SAVE

Seed	837 N. LaSalle	337-2623
Student Mob	9 S. Clinton	641-0280
American C1-6 S. Clark		236-5564
vil Liberties		
18th Dist.	113 W. Chicago	WA2-4747
Police		
CENT. LOCK-	11th & State	WA2-4747
UP		
POL. EMERG.	---	PO5-1212
Audy Home (Juv)	2240 W. Roosevelt	633-2300
Cook City Jail	26th & Callifor.	LA3-0101
Grace Church	555 W. Belden	LI 9-1002
(runaways)		
Youth Influx Prog.	1722 N North	664-1144
	Park	
LSD Rescue	1918 N. Mohawk	642-7937
		664-1422
Kinetic Play-	4812 N. Clark	SU4-1700
ground		
Cheetah-Aragon	1106 W. Lawrence	LO1-8323
Triangle Prod.	211 E. Chicago	787-7585
Electric Move-	2948 Bryn Mawr	FI6-4453
ment		

YIPPIE PLANS

"Lincoln Park...God's enchanting acres named in grateful remembrance of the Great Emancipator, once the hallowed grounds of many of the city's departed pioneers...now the wonder spot of the Midwest, the playground of millions."

conservatory

Chicago Tourist Bureau

August 20-August 24 (AM)-----Training in snake dancing, karate, non-violent self-defense. Information booth in Park.

August 24 (PM)-----Yippie Mayor R. Daley presents fireworks on Lake Michigan.

August 25 (AM)-----Welcoming of the Democratic delegates--downtown hotels(to be announced).

August 25 (PM)-----MUSIC FESTIVAL--Lincoln Park

August 26 (AM)-----Workshop in drug problems, underground communications, how to live free, guerrilla theatre, self-defense, draft resistance, communes, etc. (Potential workshop leaders should call the Seed, 837 N. LaSalle Street, 943 5282).

Scenario sessions to plan small group activities.

August 26 (PM)-----Beach Party ON THE LAKE ACROSS from Lincoln.

Park (North Avenue Beach)-----folksinging, barbecues, swimming, lovemaking

August 27 (dawn)-----Poetry, mantras, religious ceremony.

August 27 (AM)-----Workshops and Scenario sessions.

Film showing and mixed media--Coliseum

August 27 (PM)-----Benefit concert--Coliseum 1513 S. Wabash

Rally and Nomination of Pigasus and LBJ

birthday party--Lincoln Park.

August 28 (dawn)-----Poetry and Folk singing

August 28 (AM)-----Yippie Olympics, Miss Yippie Contest, catch the candidate, pin the tale on the donkey, pin the rubber on the Pope, and other normal, healthy games.

August 28 (PM)-----Plans to be announced at a later date.

4 P. M. --Mobilization Rally scheduled for Grant Park. March to the Convention.

August 29-30-----Events scheduled depend on Wed. nite. Return to park for sleeping.

DIRECTIONS TO LINCOLN PARK

Subway-----Jackson Pk. or Englewood trains to Clark and Division (1200 n) walk north on Clark to the park.

Bus-----Wilson-LaSalle (156) to Inner Drive and North Avenue.

Wilson-Michigan to LaSalle Drive and North Avenue.

Clark Street (22) to Clark and North.

Broadway 36 to Clark and Wisconsin (1800)

Lincoln-Wabash to Lincoln and Wells (1800 n.)

Armitage-Ogden to Armitage and Wells (1900 N.)

North Avenue bus east to North and LaSalle.

Car-----north or south on Lake Shore Drive to North Avenue exit.

west on North Avenue.

Raft-----St. Lawrence Seaway to Lake Michigan--head south.

contact 943-5282 for Yippie information. picnic facilities near zoo

near Old Town

Chicago's Village

near Old Town

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conspiracy?

The following was found on the grass in Lincoln Park during a patrol by YIP counter-intelligence agents. We believe it to be conclusive evidence of a conspiracy among city officials to force Revolution upon the masses.

Aug. 20-24 (A. M.)---Chicago intelligence agents to film snake-dancing and press-conferences for use in a "documentary". Arrest of Candidate Pig at DuSable Plaza.

Aug. 25 (A. M.)-----March to Hilton.

Aug. 25 (P. M.)-----Music Festival to be obstructed by lack of permits, bad vibes from cops.

Police to force people to assert right to march in street. Will foil by raising Mich. Ave. bridge.

Police to snuff Lincoln Park.

Aug. 26 (A. M.)-----Agents to infiltrate workshops.

Aug. 26 (P. M.)-----Police to exercise in riot-

training by forcing people

to fight for lives in alleys.

Aug. 27 (dawn)-----"Give 'em poetry!"

Aug. 27 (P. M.)-----"Can't bust the benefit, so

we'll gas the priests in Lin-

coln Park."

Aug. 28 (P. M.)-----Note: Beware of police over-

reaction while world watches."

Aug. 29 (P. M.)-----Snuff delegates, snuff Gregory,

co-opt Mule Train.

Aug. 30-----Drive them out of town."

Working on 45-foot sailboat to get it ready to

go in the water by spring. Will be sailing on

the Lake all next year, then on to a world cruise.

Anybody interested in working on the boat, and

joining in, call 337-2623 and leave message.

CADRE

Victor McNeal Bell, a 19 year old MP 16 days AWOL from Ft. Gordon, Georgia, "surfaced" at the University of Chicago's Rockefeller Chapel for the morning services of August 25, 1968 to announce his resignation from the US army. Victor Bell comes from a family with a long history of military involvement: his grandfather fell in World War II and his father died in Korea.

Bell was arrested outside the Friend's Meeting House, 5615 S. Woodlawn Avenue, by plainclothes army intelligence personnel. Nine people were taken into custody for disorderly conduct arising from their reaction to his capture.

In a statement sent by CADRE, Bell said "I openly encourage young men to send draft notices back, also for G.I.'s to refuse to fight...I am against the war in Vietnam or any place else...I am going to do something about it. Will you?"

hard-core revolutionaries, trained street agitators, who, for over a year, had planned the disruption of the Democratic National Convention.

"Communists and hoodlums", cried the pompous Dick, while in the streets the guiltless bled, their stomachs turned by vomit gas, their motionless form slumped pathetically on the pavement.

The 'good' Mayor's defense of police action, which borders on out-and-out stupidity, is in fact no defense at all.

He contends that the cops reacted, "over-reacted", if you will, only after being made the target of virulent verbal abuse and sundry missiles hurled from out of the darkness.

While those few bottles and rocks sailed over a crowd of thousands, the cops sought vengeance from anyone they could get their hands on, their clubs on, their fists on, their maces on. They bashed heads indiscriminately, without regard for the guilt or innocence of the individual bashee.

Presence presupposed right and wrong; the system shot itself in the ass.

The guns of August were heard over millions of radios, their report entered the microphones and cameras of the media and presented to all the world the bloodbath that was Chicago 1968. In the words of Eugene McCarthy, upon witnessing the wounded in his suite; "We must expect this kind of thing from now on."

Al Rosenfeld

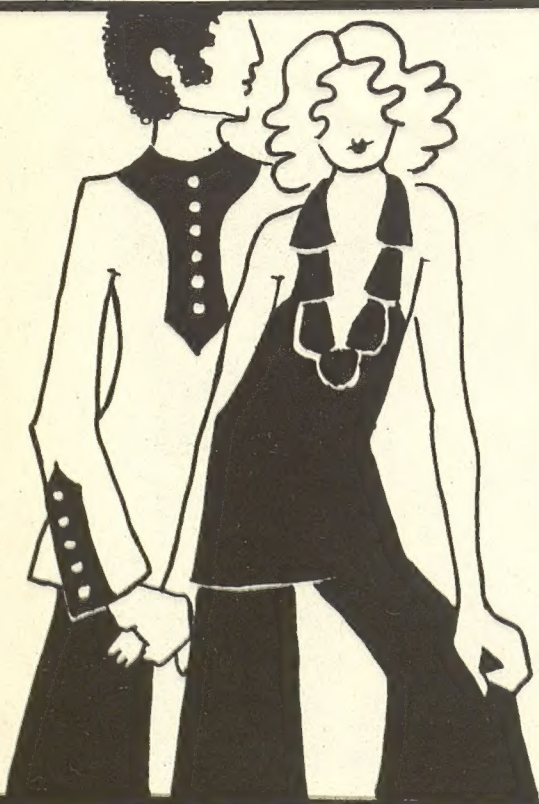
THE GUNS OF AUGUST

For those of us who lived the Hell that was Chicago, it will become increasingly more difficult to abide the placatory rhetoric of the 'white-wash' which has already begun. We will, however, be availed the time to retreat and collect our 'unruly revolutionary' heads.

What the world watched here in Chicago was a call to arms. The Mayor called the shot.

He called the shot when he answered our request to sleep in the park with six thousand guardsmen. He called the shot when he greeted our appeal for permission to march with his own appeal for 7,500 Regular Army troops. Then, when we revolted, not even violently, to this martial denial of our civil, our human, right to protest, he unleashed bestial force upon us.

Thousands watched as innocent bystanders were beaten to the ground. Peaceful demonstrators, succumbed by gas and bludgeon, were maced while locked inside Paddy Wagons. Yet, before the first rock had hit the ground, they had been branded



sacha shirt \$28.00
harlow pantsuit \$38.00
1404 n.wells chicago
the garment district

OPEN LETTER

It's getting dangerous to be aware. The "leaders" of the Hog Butcher, the country, and the world keep screaming, and they all have the same message-- "you can't happen here."

Touring the planet, we hear Fidel, hero of the Revolution, calling for "no deviations" in defense of the erasure of Czechoslovakian freedom. We see Brezhnev's reaction to "long-maned youth" and those still young in heart and head, we read of Mao's plan to contain the Red Guard by having worker-army teams determine university policy. Closer to (at least) physical home, we suffer through the results of Daley's primordial politics of paranoia and then have to witness the machine's parading of robot wardlings in support of club-wielding "over-reactors".

In this corner:

"Can I walk down the street naked if I want to?"--Moby Grape.

"Without unrestricted freedom of the press and of assembly, without a free struggle of opinion, life dies out in every public institution."--Rosa Luxemburg.

"The streets belong to the people."--Slogan of the Second American Revolution, 1967-?

vs. the current world champ:

"Just give these (McCarthy) people time, and they'll be there"--Hubert Humphrey.

"71.4% find police action justified in Chicago"--Sindlinger & Co. national poll.

"Crime in the streets" is a new way to say nigger."--Dick Gregory.

Those are the sides--freedom vs the system, change vs rigidity.

There's been talk of Revolution. Such discourse surfaces whenever a number of people find themselves completely out-of-phase with the current reality. Does Richard Daley realize his neanderthal reaction to protest was a stronger impetus than all of Jerry Rubin's freaked-out rhetoric? Do those who condemn the protest of today's youth remember when they condemned the passivity of a 'silent generation'? Do those who decry black militancy realize that the Negro in America took, has taken, three hundred and fifty years more abuse than their cherished police force?

For the last three years, thousands of kids have migrated across the country, yet hizzoner risked his all rather than break the property fetish and open the parks. The tragedy is that, given his system, he acted in good conscience. And that is why his system must go. A system that can withstand global exposure of its exploited-but-ignorant warriors beating the crap out of already-subdued

people much better than it could have weathered the spectacle of thousands of people basking, balling and breathing flower fumes, a system such as that must be altered, changed, erased. Yet poor, poor Chicagoans can't overcome their insecure 'Second-City' egos and realize that their world-view and their administration beat up their children.

The most important thing to emerge from the Six Day War was not that the world was watching, because the great majority of that world will do nothing more than cluck-cluck-cluck and forget (Bobby who? Martin Luther who? Malcolm who?). The nexal cord was that freaks and politicians and greasers and blacks erased their labels and became a united force. The subversion of marijuana, the subversion of a butyric bomb in the Hilton. You are the Revolution, so are grape-strikers and those tiring of cultural castration. Black flags, red flags, NLF flags waved high; fifty stars had no answer. "We're the children of the future," "the Revolution is now."

Cause--education and experience, affluence, "the critical anxiety...the result of the interface between a declining mechanical culture, fragmented and specialist, and a new integral culture that is inclusive, organic and macroscopic." (McLuhan & Fiore, War and Peace in the Global Village).

Effect--conflict, both attitudinal and physical; repression, socio-economic, psychological, physical.

Tactic--going underground, grass-roots autarchy affinity groups.

Strategy--mind-blowing, self-defense, survival in the face of the collapse of the Great Societal Arch.

Time is on our side, if we can stay alive. 80% of surveyed Catholics in their 20s reject the Pope's obiter on birth control, the two-party one-party system is collapsing in the face of external pressure, Mozambique and Mid-America, California and Columbia, Paris and Prague--the same tremors. A bas to exploitation, a bas to the dying age of an outmoded mechanical culture.

It can be an upsetting of the societal appletart, with new faces in the same positions, or it can be an upheaval involving massive culture shock, transvaluation of values, and the abolition of traditional roles, rules and hierarchies. The first will take the spotlight, the second looks good for the long haul--but in either case you can bet that the Old Ones will not sheathe their claws and go off to the burial ground without a struggle. Then again, "the old get older, the young get stronger."

Welcome to the Revolution, welcome to the Renaissance.

Abe

next--introduction to affinity groups.

Your Last Chance Ever To See
The Original DRACULA
Starring Bela Lugosi!
SCREAM TILL YOUR EYES BUG OUT AT
The BLOOD SHED
1331 N. WELLS, in OLD TOWN
COME ON IN - MEET IRVING VAMPIRE AND ALL THE GANG!
Plus An On Stage "SALUTE TO DRACULA"
FIRST SHOW 6PM - LAST SHOW STARTS 10:30 PM
SPECIAL MIDNIGHT SHOW FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

ALICE'S RESTAURANT
POETRY PEOPLE
FOLK MUSIC
17 N. LEXINGTON
646-2117

HAPPY UNBIRTHDAY DEAR DICK

In commemoration of the Festival of Death recently staged in Chicago, three free souls decided to hold an un-birthday party for dear, sweet Mayor Jelly. So on sunny Wednesday, Phil Ackermann of Washington Yippee, Ray Thornley of the Rapid Transit Guerilla Theater, and Oliver William Porter, recently host for numerous Yippies at the Theater (directly across from Lincoln Park) traipsed down to the lovely Loop to salute our Leader.

Phil had constructed a papier-maché pig (named Mayor Jelly), and brought along a cake frosted with black (for anarchy and the four days of the Democratic Convention) and red (for blood) icing. In a recent visit to the Seed office, Phil related what happened.

"At 12:30, the ceremony was begun in front of the Picasso thing, with the chant 'the Pig is dead, the pig is dead, the pigs are dying, the pigs are dying, Aum, Aum, Aum. We then sung happy unbirthdays for Mayor Daley and Pigasus."

"We then moved to the sidewalk after being told that the civic plaza was private property. An audience of 100-200 people had gathered, as had several members of the press. So we cut the cake and began serving it."

"Only a few people were brave enough to take a piece. Most of them were city employees."

"Then we did a tar-and-feather bit with our paper pig (covered with the Trib, Little Orphan Annie, Steve Canyon, Daley, Dick Tracy, etc.). Having completed that part of our program, we became aware that the cops had shown and were trying to figure out what was happening. We declared the party to be at an end, and started to clean up. We threw away the rest of the cake, even though it cost me \$6.50."

"Feathers were blowing around, and we were arrested, even though no charge was given. We later discovered that we had been charged with littering and breach of the peace. The First District cops really treated us well, doing everything but shake our hands."

"They took a color mug shot of me prior to my departure, thereby missing the point. It should have been of Daley, in commemoration of the wonderful things he did for the Movement during Convention Week."

"What did the pig (currently in limbo at the First District) represent? The state of the Union."



Is

**Adolf
Hitler**

Dead ?



FOUR HEADS UNLIMITED
HEAD ACCESSORIES CLOTHING WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
6744 N. SHRIDAN, CHICAGO
465-9841 - OPEN 2 PM - MIDNIGHT

RINGS AROUND The RHETORIC

A Series of Mimetic Actions

Prologue--To be read.

The idea behind the creation and production of this expression is that it is not so much a work of dramatic art as it is an illustrative reminder which hopefully will serve the purpose of showing that there are today, in the streets of our cities, stories of heroes and villains just like those in comic books and adventure movies. It is not my intent to identify the heroes, or the villains. The choice is a free one.

The secondary purpose is that these actions may prompt some dedicated disciplinarian to produce an illustrated textbook on how to effectively put down and control demonstrators, newsmen and anarchists (actual, potential and latent) who, with malice and evil in their hearts, flagrantly enrage the protectors of our American civil liberties.

So as not to disturb the tranquility and peace of mind of the citizens of our cities, it is best that these actions, excepting the prologue, be performed without words. Also to be noted is the tendency of the initial impact of the following scenes to be dissolved by the ambiguity of the dialogues, the conflicting testimony, and the general ambiguity which will prevail in the weeks to come.

To appear:

A solitary man--tall perhaps--dressed in a red, white and blue cape. He carries a small box or suitcase.

Action:

The man opens the box, takes out a bicycle horn, and sets it on the ground. Next, he takes out a piece of chalk and proceeds to draw three rather large circles arranged in triangular fashion. The circles completed, he once again goes to the suitcase, opens it, and withdraws a copy of the United States Constitution. He places the suitcase in the center of the formation of the circles, returns to pick up his bicycle horn, goes back to the suitcase, stands on it, and proceeds to read randomly-selected articles of the Constitution.

To appear:

The characters of Circle I appear. They are identified by signs around their necks. They are:

Major Dainty-----fat, pompous. He enters and sits.

President Goshton-----nothing special, wears granny glasses, a cowboy hat, and stands to Dainty's right.

Two or three men-----average people.

Action:

Major Dainty begins the action by scratching President Goshton's back. This is a signal to the host--the man in the cape--to stop reading and silently yet intently stare at and point to (with arms outstretched) the happenings inside the circle.

President Goshton reaches inside his pocket and extracts a large envelope plainly marked "federal funds". He slowly passes it in front of Dainty's jaws, as if he were taunting a pet dog with a favorite food. Dainty looks eager and happy, and he rapidly increases his scratching. Goshton extracts a second envelope marked "Political Opportunity", which causes the Major to react with unparalleled joy. He begs for this, does a little dance, even smiles. To no avail: Goshton holds it just out of reach.

Still More Action:

The men sitting at Major Dainty's left begin making placards lettered "We Love Major Dainty More Than Apple Pie" and "Next to Christ, He Stands For Right". The placards completed, they ceremoniously alternate in slowly raising their placards in the air. Each time a man raises a placard, Major Dainty gives him one scrap of green paper from the envelope marked "federal funds".

No More Action Now:

Seeing that intellectual and visual monotony will soon occur from too much of this sort of thing, it is the duty of the host to proudly beep his horn, transfer his gaze, and point to another circle in order to keep any chance spectators from causing trouble--or falling asleep.

To appear (Second Circle):

The characters of Circle II appear. They are also identified by signs around their necks.

Several men appear with signs marked "POLICE".

Several more men appear with signs "Machines from Ineffective Politics", or "Machina ex Impotentus Politicus".

Several more people appear with signs "Demonstrators: both good and evil".

Action:

The police appear and begin the action by carefully searching the ground inside the circle. Soon the demonstrators arrive.

The police look at the demonstrators and scratch their heads.

The demonstrators look at the police and have different reactions. Some smile, others offer evil gestures.

ASIDES

Congratulations are in order for infiltrators in Cafe Flaur Mustard was a groovy high, and underneath the Hires can was a good supply of the bricks and tiles which "Strategy of Confrontation" talked about. How come they aren't under investigation? . . .

A group of players from a London rep. group have written city hall volunteering speech lessons for city officials. . . .

One of the larger city officials has recently been anchored to the Picasso statue with ropes. It seems he would go straight up without proper precautions. . . .

The women of Highland Park are under federal investigation for contributing sandwiches to people during the week of demonstrations.

Rumor has it that if Dick Gregory were to become Polish he would be a sure bet in the next mayoral election. . . .

The human fecal matter allegedly thrown at police was supplied by the Farm in the Zoo at Lincoln Park. The cows moored in satisfaction at the compliments. It could not have been thrown in baggies, however, because none in the crowd would buy products of Dow. . . .

Many One Arm Bandits in gambling houses of Great Britain have (Made in Chicago) written on them. . . .

Pay toilets are rigged by Chicago juice raceteers. A man resembling Sirhan Sirhan works in the Chicago Dept. of Sanitation. He was also seen in the gallery at the convention shouting "We Love Mayor Daley". . . .

Dig those crazy garbage workers! Crossing state lines to incite a riot eh? . . .

Why does Cardinal Cody live so close to Hugh Hefner? . . .

Humpty Dumpty's pregnant. . . .

"The policeman isn't there to create disorder. He's there to preserve disorder." A quote from the honorable Richard J. Daley's Press Conference, Monday, Sept. 10.



"CREAM"

presented by Des Moines Music Council
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Des Moines 50309

Monday, Oct. 14th
Veteran's Auditorium
tickets--\$3, \$4, \$5
all seats reserved
mail orders must have
self-addressed stamped
envelope

LAST AMERICAN APPERANCE



UP AGAINST THE WALL


WALL BANG



OCT. 7
ARAGON CHEETAH
 7:30 P.M. TILL WHENEVER
 20 ROCK AND BLUES GROUPS
 \$3.00 AT DOOR, TICKETS ON SALE
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FILTH STUDIOS • 68 •

7 Fri. & Sat. \$4.00, 20, 30, 40
WILSON PICKETT
 Plus **ARTHUR CONLEY**
 Discount Tickets at Box Office



Today Fri. the 13th
VOO-DOO PARTY
 with **THE NICKEL BAG**
CHICAGO SOUL
SEXTET
WILD HONEY

TOMORROW - SATURDAY - SPECIAL
 ALL LATIN DANCE REVUE
 The Beautiful New
Aragon
 LO 1-8323 1104 W. Lawrence
 Ballroom Dancing
 Every Sunday from 7-9 p.m.

For those interested in exploring sensory awareness first hand, a group oceanic experience will happen at McCormick YWCA 30 west Oak 2nd Floor of the Auditorium. Date; October 12th 8:00 p.m. No one will be allowed to enter after 8:30 p.m. There will be a \$2.00 donation. For further information call George Peter at 642-7937 or 664-1422

charles hloyd in CONCERT

Northwestern University
 October 5, 1968 8:00 P.M.
 Cahn Auditorium 600 Emerson Evanston
 \$3.50 at door -- \$3.00 in advance at
 Scott Hall 600 Emerson Evanston

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Oct. 4-5-6 th	John Mayall AND THE BLUES BREAKERS
Oct. 11 th	The Jeff Beck GROUP PLUS THE FEVER TREE
Oct. 18-19 th	Steppenwolf AND TEN YEARS AFTER
Oct. 25-26 th	Quick Silver Messenger Service
Nov. 1-2	Moby Grape

HUEY

Oakland, Cal. --Huey Newton was convicted. In a verdict that smacked of liberal compromise, Newton was sentenced to two to fifteen years for involuntary manslaughter. Kidnapping and assault charges had been discredited when star witness Dell Ross suffered a 'loss of memory' attributed to a desire to forget the whole thing. The jury deliberated for four days.

Panther Minister of Information Eldridge Cleaver called the 'political verdict...an attempt to balance off social tension' and termed it 'totally unacceptable.' However, both he and Newton have called for 'cooling it'. There has been much talk of war in the streets of Oakland.

Newton had originally been charged with the murder of Patrolman John Frey, the wounding of Patrolman Herbert Hearnese, and the kidnapping of Ross (to drive him to a hospital for treatment of his wounds).

Defense attorney Charles Garry, who had at

first termed the verdict a victory, 'is now attacking it as 'inconsistent', and threatens to take it to 'the highest court in the land.' He plans to move for arrest of judgment, a new trial and bail.

Newton will be sentenced by Justice M. Friedman on the twenty-seventh, after a probation bureau study.

Cleaver, out on bail on a charge of felonious assault (in the which saw the death of Bobby Hutton), is waging his campaign for president on the Peace and Freedom ticket. He has been named as a weekly lecturer for a course in 'Dehumanization & Regeneration in the American Social Order' at Berkeley. Newton is still P & F candidate for the Oakland Congressional seat.

Two Oakland policemen were suspended last week after witnesses swore that they had fired a dozen shots into Panther headquarters.

An unexplained factor in the case is the role of Gene McKinney, who revealed himself as Newton's companion when he was stopped by Frey and Hearnese. McKinney is currently in jail for contempt charges resulting from his refusal to answer Garry's question 'Did you shoot the patrolmen?' Judge Friedman had held that the Fifth Amendment was inapplicable, since he had admitted his presence at the shootings.

The claims of bus driver Henry Grier--that Newton had pulled a gun and fired at Frey--were discarded when testimony established that Frey had been shot by his own weapon. Newton's alleged weapon was never found.

On Friday, August 30, a rally was called by YSA and the Peace and Freedom Party in support of demonstrators in Chicago. It became a three-day exercise in commune action.

Friday's demonstration was a combination of indignation over the bullshit that had gone down in Czechochicago and a venting of outrage over local issues. Consequently, only the police reacted when the windows of the Bank of America were shattered. They began using sneezing gas to clear the area, but the evening's activities ended on a different note. Someone shot a cop in the leg, and everyone immediately dispersed.

The police took a more active role on Saturday, setting the scenario by busting two hitch-hikers on Telegraph Avenue. Unlike Chicago, hitching is an everyday affair, and the people reacted. They were very cool, greeting the police horde with cries of

'We want more cops!' 'Bring on the Guard!' 'Support your local police!' Freaked out, the man split.

Sunday was a mixed bag of events. Rock music, poetry--and the destruction of a watermain and its surroundings by a mysterious explosion. Sporadic street action faded into the morning sun.

The response of the Berkeley city manager was to declare the city a disaster area and emergency zone. The community met, but a falling-out between eight Up Against the Wall people and the more traditional people obstructed decision-making. Finally, it was decided to test the ban on political activity with a picket of Lee Bros. Supermarket in protest of the sale of California Table Grapes.

The event was scheduled for Friday evening, but Lee Brothers cannily removed the offending produce from its shelves. The target was then declared to be city hall, and the city, fearing another heavy scene and wanting the action to subside before a definite street consciousness formed, let it be known that it would allow the demonstration. They were successful, to the point where such groups as the 'Molotov Cocktail Party' (which surfaced during the June-July festivities as the Berkeley Commune) are incensed over the short-circuiting of revolutionary group consciousness by the liberal co-option of the Berkeley managers and the contextual approach of the traditional left organizations.

UP AGAINST THE WELFARE WALL MOTHER

230 BUSTED IN MICH. WELFARE DEMONSTRATION:

Ann Arbor, 9/9--The Washtenaw County circuit court today issued an order prohibiting demonstrations in or about the premises of the County Building. The order climaxed a week of sit-ins, massive police displays of force, and a growing alliance between mothers on ADC and students.

The issue revolves around the inadequacy of the \$9/month clothing allowance granted for kids on welfare. The protesters have called for allotment on the basis of individual need.

Newsman were roughed up, helicopters flew low over the courthouse, police were armed with high-powered rifles and tear gas. The state reaction was an offer to send National Guard troops.

Ann Arbor has the 2nd highest cost of living index in the country.

Berkeley,

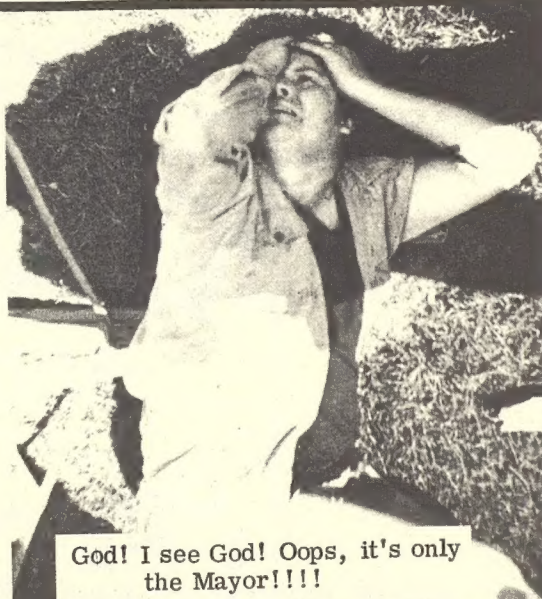
Berkeley, Cal., Sept. 9--Berkeley is emerging from a state of seige. Once again, people have taken their feelings into the street, once again, the police have come down hard.

CHI COPS CRAZY?

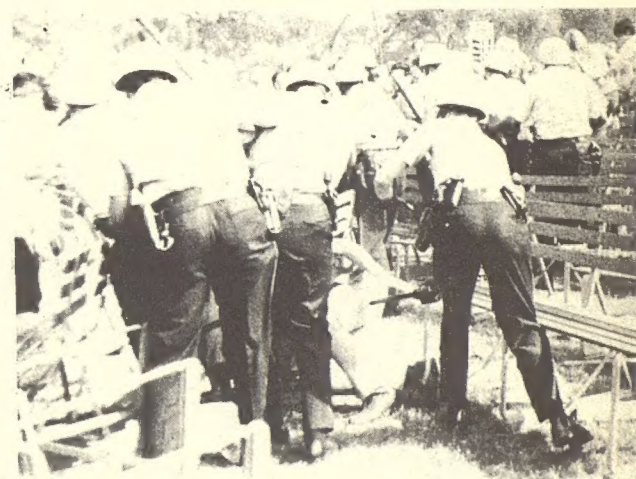
New York, 8/30--A wire service story in the New York Post of August 30 reports that one out of every five applicants for the Chicago Police Dept. is crazy.

The article reports that a study by a team of psychiatrists and psychologists pointed out that an 'excessive number' of police suffer from acute paranoia. 'There is something about police power that attracts to its ranks a particular kind of person,' said Dr. Arnold Abrams, a member of the team. 'It gives them an umbrella to legitimize their mental pathology. They can live out, act out their problems and be rewarded for it. This becomes a way of reinforcing sadism or whatever is sick in the men.'

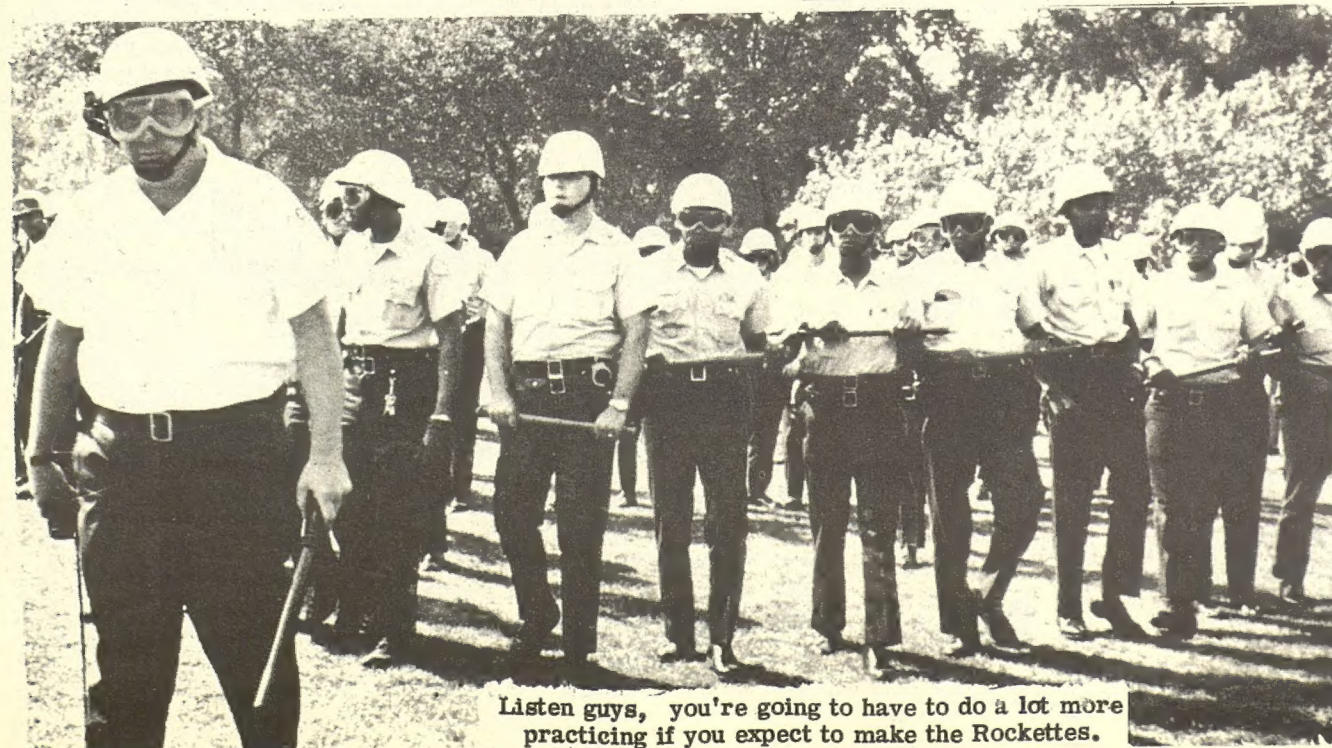
Dr. Clifton Rhead, head of the study, said that the police candidates are 'aggressive, tend to act on impulse, have a high index of suspicion, an unquestioning obedience to authority. A strong sense of what they believe to be right and wrong and a tendency to be self-justified...' LNS



God! I see God! Oops, it's only the Mayor!!!!



Okay! This time we'll let you off with a warning.



Listen guys, you're going to have to do a lot more practicing if you expect to make the Rockettes.



Why, if it isn't Miss Snodgrass, my eighth grade teacher!!!!



So Rare.



So Right.



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Produced by Mickie Most

What To Do Until The World Ends

That a hard rain (of some kind) is agonna fall on America soon is a fact apparent to mystics and rationalists, to leftwing political scientists and to rightwing economists, to European money speculators and to your local police, who've probably already ordered their tanks. The Hopi Indian can tell you all about it and so can the Black Power cats and the Brown Berets, not to mention Yippies, Provos, Zenarchists, and the rock group of your choice.

Whether it manifests itself in the form of a shifting of the Earth's crust complete with sinking cities and tidal waves that sweep whole states under the rug, or as a declaration of martial law, or as a Good Revolution with the inevitable ironies and excesses, or as a wholesale economic collapse -- such an age will present splendid opportunities for those who long to go down fighting at some courageous moment fit for the tear-jerking folk music of tomorrow (If it comes as a hydrogen war, on the other hand, there might not be much singing after the fact.).

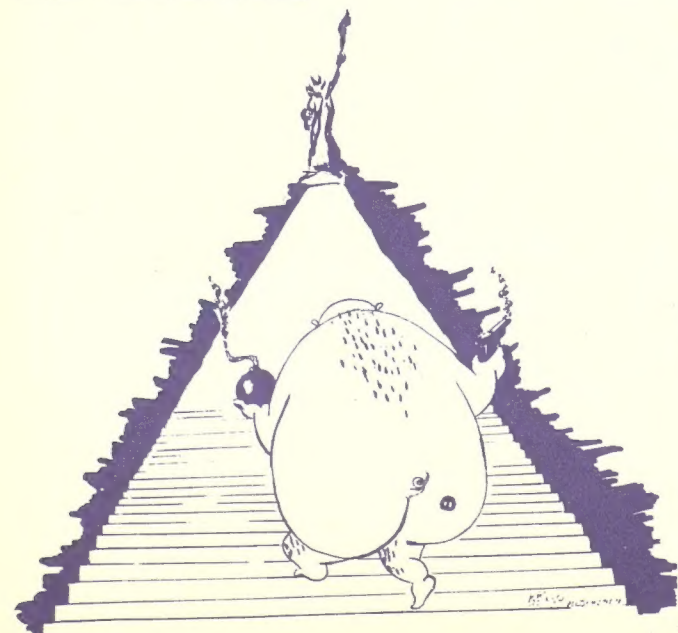
Whatever the case, there are some of us, perhaps less dramatic by nature, who would prefer to just go on living ... Maybe we've got our own bag that we're into, or maybe we're like the True Sage of the Tao who cuts himself in on the general prosperity of good times, but in times of disorder digs into the poverty scene and cultivates his leisure.

The Economics of Chaos

The economics of chaos are centered around the idea of self-sufficiency, an art which may be more easily acquired than most people think. Following are some random hints which result from a few years of study.

I: Learn to Eat Weeds

Edible wild plants, compared to the wilted, handled, sprayed, and artificially fertilized crap you buy in the supermarkets, are health foods. Further, properly prepared, some of them are gourmet delights that money cannot buy. But most important, weeds are everywhere and can keep you alive when other food sources fail.



Weed-eating is a hobby you can begin to cultivate now, first by visiting your local library and, after that, your neighborhood vacant lot. You'll be surprised at the ease with which you can soon throw together a wild salad.

The sure-to-become classic trilogy of Euell Gibbons --- Stalking the Wild Asparagus, Stalking the Blue-Eyed Scallop, and Stalking the Healthful Herbs -- is an excellent way to start, because these books are written with humor as well as truth. But the literature of weed-eating is vast and many other good books are to be found, too. Look in the Botany section of any relatively large public library.

The danger, real but often exaggerated, of this sort of thing, of course, is that you might mistakenly eat something that will rub you out. This can be avoided by checking every edible weed recommendation with at least two sources, eating small amounts of each new discovery first, avoiding books with vague illustrations, and learning the terms of botanical identification.

Weed-eating has psychological advantages, too. Expertise in the subject gives you a feeling of security in knowing you'll never starve. A diet rich in fresh greens gives you a mild natural high. Knowing the tastes and smells of its plants brings you into a deeper communication with your planetary environment.

II: Live Like a Gypsy

A teepee, camping tent, trailer van, house trailer, camper, small boat or large ship can give you mobility and make you independent of the main hook in the money system --- rent.

Coming on like a vacationist, you can avoid the suspicion of cops and forest rangers. At sea, you can get away from controls of the various states of the world almost entirely, either as an individual family unit or as a sea-going utopian fleet community. A houseboat is a good bet, too-cheaper than most other boats with equal living space, if not as handy to move.

Your object here is not necessarily to be always on the go, but simply to be able to do the exodus thing whenever you must.

There is lots of land in Canada, by the way, and one lake for every person in the country. Despite government propaganda to the contrary, you can squat too. (Information on British Columbia retreating opportunities can be obtained from Don and Barbie Stephens of 5020 El Verano Avenue, Los Angeles 90041.)

An alternative to mobility is living in the boondocks. A friend of mine who got out of Nazi Germany just in time reports that his city relatives were all dead by the end of the war and his country cousins were all alive. Robert Carson of Brooklyn CORE knows where it's at when he says:

"We only care to survive. Instead of wandering around hopelessly in Northern ghettos fighting the power structure, we will till the soil from sunup to sundown."

(The School of Living, Brookville Ohio 45309 can provide a rich variety of information on rural revival and Green Revolution, and how to pull it off.)



III: Learn a Pre-Industrial Trade

Learn to make something useful without resorting to electric tools or machines. Articles of clothing will especially be in demand, from hats down to moccasins -- while luxury items and decorative pieces will not. Tools and anything related to food and shelter will be needed, too.

A barter economy always comes to be during an upheaval and essential goods and services predominate. Having a "trade" is, literally, having something to trade when multimillionaires are using Federal Reserve Notes as kindling and burning their furniture to keep warm through the winter.

Another idea is to store goods which now may be obtained fairly cheaply but which in time of crisis will be rare, such as: tobacco, sugar, salt, tea, coffee, storable food, booze, acid, watches, fuel, cigarette lighters and accessories, used clothing, shoes, leather goods, razor blades, medicines, and small tools.

IV: Study Preventive and Emergency Medicine

Avoid medical troubles by learning how to stay in good health, and learn how to be your own doctor. Break out of the brainwashing of the AMA monopoly and seek everywhere for medical advice and information, using your own judgment to decide what is and is not quack. Standard MD reference books, handbooks on shipboard first-aid, regular first-aid courses, books on keeping healthy, books on herbal medicine and folk medicine, old wives' tales, common sense, and your own cellular wisdom will help you here.

V: Learn to Build a Solar Water Still

You can get water out of the soil in the desert, even, if you know how to make this simple contraption, and also convert salt water to fresh. Articles on how-to appear in: SCIENCE, 17 September 1964; OUTDOOR LIFE, 12 August 1965; and INNOVATOR, (Box 34718, L.A. 90034).

VI: Teach Others

As you pursue the above - indicated lines of study, pass on what you learn to your friends. Independent people cannot be co-opted by the Establishment.

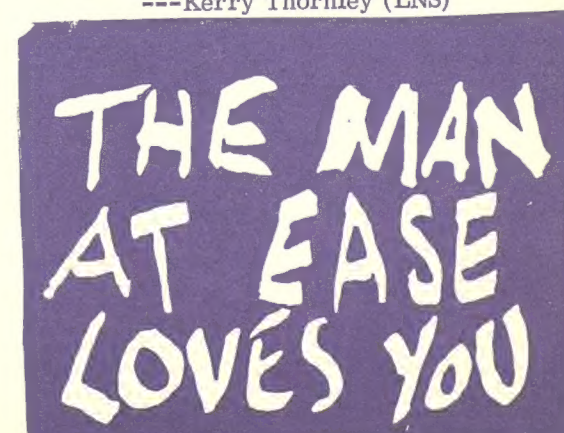
Spreading the word about the secrets of personal independence overcomes the superficial dichotomy between dropping-out and dropping-in, between privatism and humanism, between self-interest and revolution. For to be surrounded by people who can take care of themselves is your greatest asset in times of crisis.

Further, innovation, since it does appeal to self-interest is capable of deeper and vaster social alteration than any political method. Compare the agricultural, industrial, medical, and automotive revolutions to the American, French, and Russian revolutions.

Committed individuals might go one step beyond teaching friends, by setting up Free Universities for Independence in racial, ethnic, and subcultural ghetto areas across America. Teach minority groups who are victims of discrimination to become independent of both business and government -- and you will have radicalized them forever!

Teach members of the middle class to become independent of the defense industry and other death-oriented activities and you will have drained the Establishment of skilled technical and financial support.

---Kerry Thornley (LNS)





"Flesh Soothseer" is what the Linn County band calls their first Mercury album, to be released in the middle of September. Their music is exciting, eclectic, original and tasty, while their sound is all their own. The Linn County band, under the leadership of Steve Miller (not to be confused with the Chicago Steve Miller who heads the Blues Band of the same name), has the ingredients needed to become one of the trend-setters in contemporary music. "Think", a tune Chicago fans will remember from Mother Blues, will probably be released as a single. The band now lives in San Francisco, but should turn up here in October on their way to Montreal.

Mercury has also signed the Buddy Miles Express--in other words, the Electric Flag without Mike Bloomfield. Mercury will record them as soon as possible in L.A. Aside from Miles, other Flag members still with the group are: Herbie Rich, organ; Virgil Gonzales, baritone; Terry Clements, tenor; and Marcus Doubleday, trumpet. New members are: Jim McCarty, guitar; Bill Rich, bass; and Bill McPherson on tenor. Buddy says that they will be doing a Stax-Volt type of thing.

Mercury is to be congratulated for the number and diversity of good artists that they have signed since deciding to dust itself off and get into what's happening. For example, their fall releases include "LL", by H. P. Lovecraft; "Look Inside the Asylum Choir", a newie by two very interesting guys; "Outside Inside", by Blue Cheer, "In the Woodland Weir", by Chicago's own Little Boy Blues; and, for the sentimental, another San Francisco album by Chuck Berry called "From Louie To Frisco".

Cadet Concept, a division of Chess Records (Chicago's only other "big" record company), has three wildly refreshing new albums. The first is "Salloom Sinclair and the Mother Bear": the name

signifies Roger Salloom and Robin Sinclair, the vocalists, and the rest of the group, the Mother Bear. Cadet-Concept won out in the scramble to sign the group because Marshall Chess offered them artistic integrity and 100% voice in the production of the album. It is an exceptional first recording.

Muddy Waters has finally done what some of the top English and American groups have been doing for years--translating his material into a contemporary blues-rock sound. The result is a block-buster called "Electric Mud", which will infuriate some traditionalists but will sure as hell gas everyone else. If you don't like music, buy it for the jacket, which includes your very own pinup of Muddy and an "eight-pager" insert. The packaging could end up as an industry classic.

The very able Charles Stepney, in collaboration with Marshall Chess, has arranged a 23-piece ensemble for the Rotary Connection's second album, "Alladin". The symphonic-rock crew has put together an all-original LP which, taken as a whole, tells a story. There have been some more personnel changes, designed to strengthen the core unit of seven freaks. The new members are Jimmy Donelinger on lead guitar and Jim Nyehoth on organ. These two were formerly with the "A-orta", who in turn have replaced them and expanded their unit.

Late notes:

Paramount pictures invaded Aaron Russo's Kinetic Playground to film a sequence of the Litter for a movie to be called "Medium Cool". Award-winning Haskell-Wexler is in charge of production, and the film should be out next spring. Aaron will take over the Aragon November first. Expect plenty of interior changes and all-soul music.

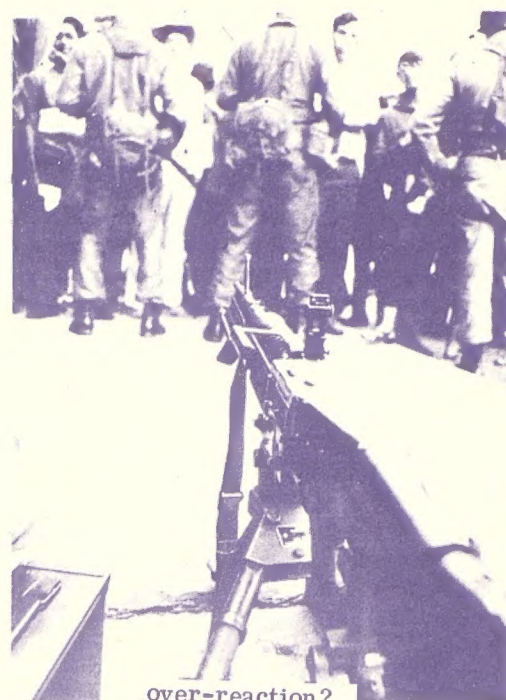
Chicago Slim is in New York talking to record companies (bet on Atlantic) and gigging around at the Cafe Au Go-Go in the village and Steve Paul's Scene uptown.

Watch the Joe Kelly Blues Band. Kelly returns to Chain Reaction on Sept. 22nd with the Illinois Speed Press (formerly the Rovin' Kind).

The L.A. Cheetah folded.

Hear about Janis Joplin bopping Jim Morrison on the head with her Southern Comfort bottle after he pulled her hair at a party in L.A.? Rumor has it that she'll soon split Big Brother.

Bob Wettlaufer



all photos credit Dennis Gardner



cont. from page 10

Krassner earned the title with two remarks. First, he announced that Humphrey would choose as his running mate the man most responsible for his nomination—Sirhan Sirhan. The audience hissed. Sirhan has become an almost obscene figure, interpreted by some as a symbol of anti-Establishment revolt when in fact he mirrors so many of the sickness of American life, murdering a man in whom many Americans of good faith and will saw a hope, and whom many more simply knew and liked.

But the Convention itself confirmed Krassner's statement on its last night, when after the film documentary of Bobby's life, it remained standing as a body for five, ten, fifteen minutes, spontaneously disrupting the Convention in its refusal to abide by the Chair's demand to quiet down... But Krassner had been proved right—without Sirhan, it would have been a different ball game.

Then Krassner in effect climaxed the week. He finished his speech by relating a story a newsman had told him. Finishing an interview with LBJ, the newsman noted that they had not talked of Vietnam and asked the President for a quick statement. Lyndon told the newsman "It's like this: those guys are trying to say 'Fuck you Lyndon Johnson,' and nobody says that and gets away with it." To which Krassner followed "We are now going to say 'Fuck you Lyndon Johnson' and get away with it." The audience response was the loudest I have ever heard. Previously, Phil Ochs' mere singing of "I Ain't Marching Anymore" had provoked a ten-minute standing ovation complete with draft card and money burning.

The energy was too strong to avoid anywhere. You walked down the streets of Chicago and felt it crackle through your system. We said "Fuck you Lyndon Johnson" so loud he had to call the cops even in front of the cameras. We said "Fuck you Lyndon Johnson" and the Democratic party trembled and fell so hard some of the right people will be picking up some of the pieces for the show in '72.

But the price for saying "Fuck you Lyndon Johnson" gets higher each time we do it. And the convention proved the value of having friends. The post-Convention reaction and the ensuing busts seemed to prove we are going to need all the friends we can get these next few years. Maybe Chicago showed that when the shoving starts there are many good hearts we had discounted that will be with us when things get toughest.

Harvey Wasserman

A TRIP TO TORONTO

An interview with Lloyd Harriman at the Toronto Anti-Draft Programme office in Toronto cleared up much confusion about leaving the United States for Canada in order to avoid conscription.

If you are thinking of emigrating to Canada, you must realize that you will most probably never be allowed to return to the U.S. if the American government prosecutes you for draft evasion. On the other hand, despite claims to the contrary, the United States government has no power over the Canadian government to force your return. Before emigration, Harriman suggests that you do exhaust the possibilities for avoiding within the U.S. system, both to exhibit your disgust for the war and to firm up your resolution to become a Canadian citizen.

The reasonable thing to do before you have somebody on your tail is to send \$2 to

P. O. Box 764, Adelaide Street Station, Toronto 2B, Canada for the Manual for Draft-Age Immigrants to Canada. It is wise to know where you stand with both governments before making any irrevocable decisions, and this 87 page brochure, up-to-date and supplemented, answers almost every conceivable question. If you are getting paranoid, you will be happy to know that the Programme has not heard of any trouble in connection with receipt of the booklet. Harriman also claims that the Programme does not keep any records, an acceptable statement in view of the Programme's tiny office.

Harriman and the other members of the Programme, most of them Canadians under thirty years of age, have one eye out for you and another out for staying in good with the Canadian government (to keep the door open for further immigration). In other words, they will welcome you, but they will not kiss you on all four cheeks. If you wait to the last minute and appear at the office broke and hungry, they will not be able to do much for you. They'll try, but they just do not have the bread necessary to stake you to a new life in Canada. And, as a visitor, you cannot get a work permit.

There are three things to do if, after receiving the booklet, you decide to emigrate. First, contact the Anti-Draft Programme in Toronto or one of its offices in some other province. Secondly, enter Canada as a visitor and have an interview with the Programme. They will work out, without charge, the details for your entrance into Canada as a landed immigrant. Thirdly, you must leave Canada and apply at the border to enter as a landed immigrant. You will need about \$300 to establish that you can support yourself until you can get a paycheck. If the Canadian officials should reject you at one station (which they probably will not do if you have consulted the Programme), you can always apply at another. The Americans will let you re-enter Canada unless there is a warrant out for your arrest. Apparently, the only collusion between the two governments' officials (unofficial, on the part of the Canadians) took place at the Buffalo-Fort Erie crossing with a deserter being sought by the FBI.

If you apply for landed immigrant status from within Canada after having entered as a visitor, you may be turned down flat and with very little recourse. So, if you plan on making it across the border and applying for landed status from inside a country, you better have a U.S. passport and a command of Swedish.

Do not act in haste, friends. Toronto is a friendly place, for many of its people have newly arrived from many countries for many reasons. But even today's most bitter person can later regret his permanent banishment from his homeland. Write for the Programme's booklet, read the procedures spelled out in much more detail than is given here, then decide. Yea, verily, seek for thyself, and ye shall find for thyself.

Gustavus Gandalfus

HAVE YOUR MIND JAMMED BY EXPERTS.

"Super Session" is everything needed to make it happen. It's a first. By Al Kooper, Mike Bloomfield and Steve Stills. Now, at the top of their careers, the three have put down an album that shows off their talents better than ever. A jam with Al and Mike (side 1) and Al and Steve (side 2).

Featuring: "Albert's Shuffle," "Season of the Witch" and a brand-new tune by Dylan, "It Takes a Lot to Laugh, It Takes a Train to Cry." It was recorded late at night when everyone was feeling loose, on and ready. The result is not a hype, not a put-on, but a beautiful jam—a "Super Session." It'll mess your mind over!



MIKE
BLOOMFIELD
AL KOOPER
STEVE STILLS
SUPER
SESSION



*Available in 4-track and 8-track stereo tape cartridges

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ON COLUMBIA RECORDS



Janis Joplin. Big Brother and The Holding Company. They're going to wipe you out.

It is a blues voice, ragged and painful but somehow beautiful and moving at the same time, a voice which has learned from Bessie Smith and Dinah Washington and Esther Phillips and Big Mama Thornton ... but it is a voice unique with Janis.

(She) totally abandons herself in each song, coming on very gutty and completely overpowering ... Each performance has the agonizing intensity of a woman giving birth. Pete Johnson—*Los Angeles Times*

Janis Joplin is the greatest white female singer around. *Rat*

Janis Joplin is where it's at, where it's been and where it will be. *Hullabaloo*

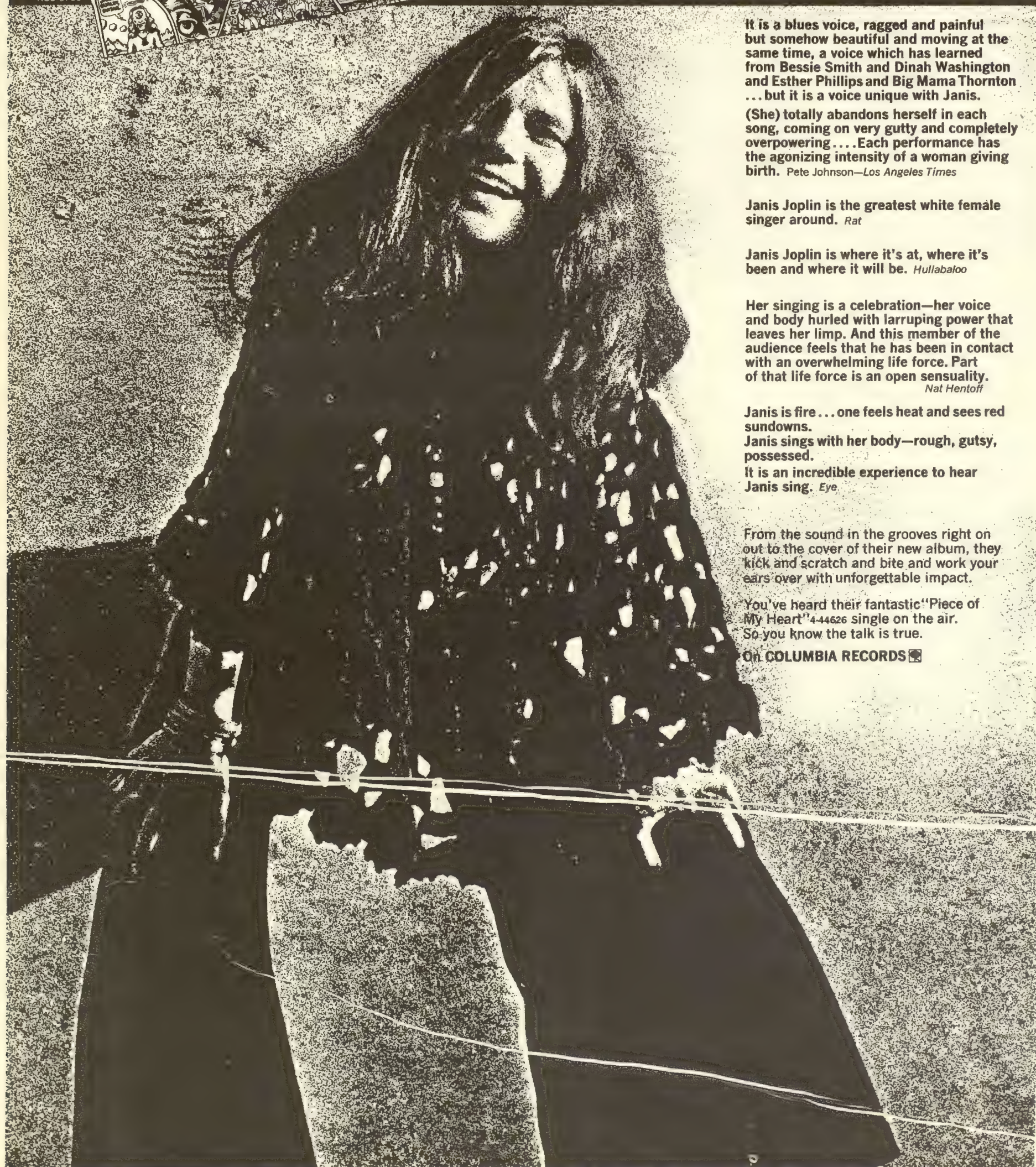
Her singing is a celebration—her voice and body hurled with larruping power that leaves her limp. And this member of the audience feels that he has been in contact with an overwhelming life force. Part of that life force is an open sensuality. *Nat Hentoff*

Janis is fire ... one feels heat and sees red sundowns. Janis sings with her body—rough, gutsy, possessed. It is an incredible experience to hear Janis sing. *Eye*

From the sound in the grooves right on out to the cover of their new album, they kick and scratch and bite and work your ears over with unforgettable impact.

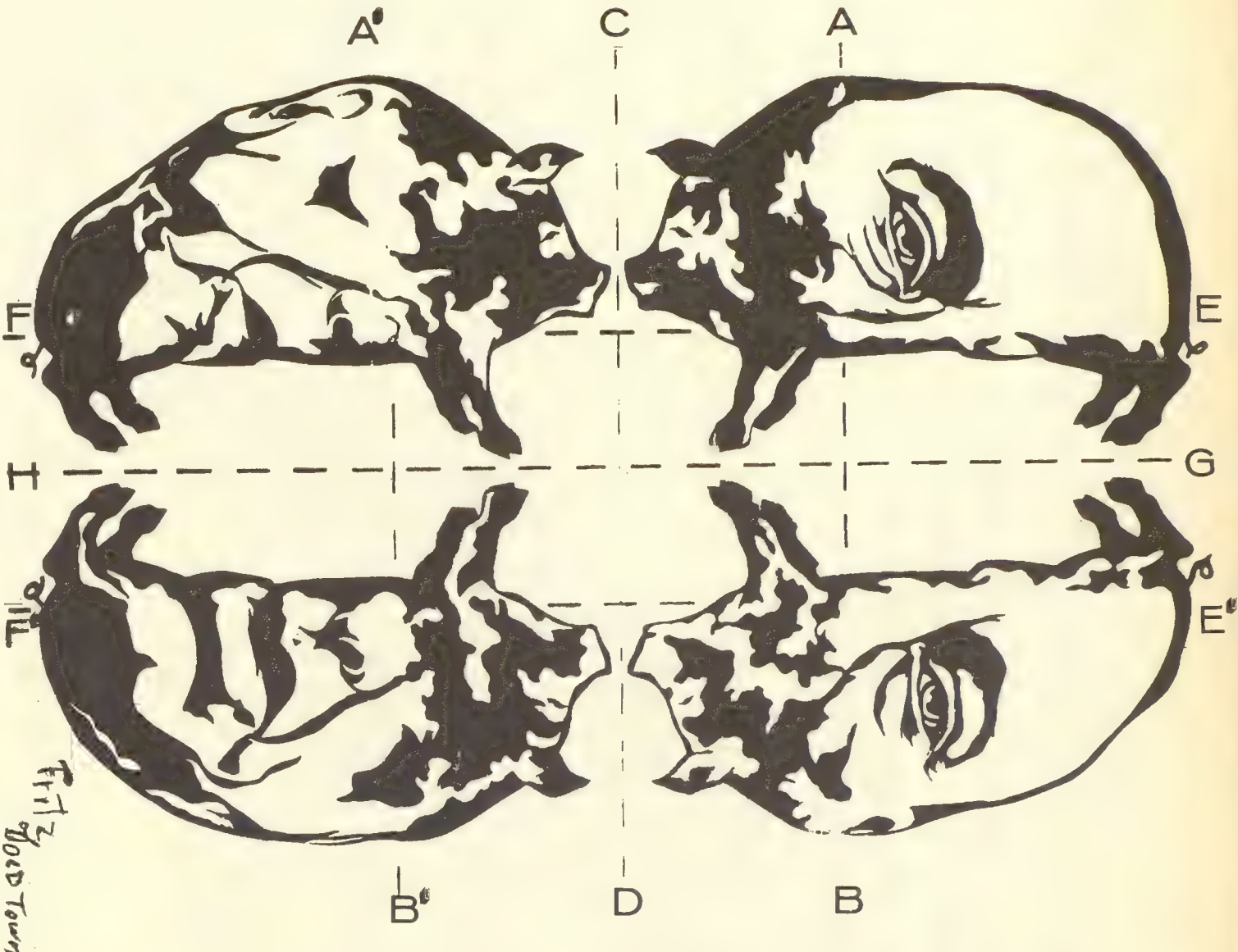
You've heard their fantastic "Piece of My Heart" 4-44626 single on the air. So you know the talk is true.

On COLUMBIA RECORDS



*Available in 4-track and 8-track stereo tape cartridges and 4-track reel-to-reel stereo tape

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ANCIENT HONORABLE SEED CHINESE MYSTERY PUZZLE

- 1) Fold line AB away from you.
- 2) Fold line CD toward you.
- 3) Bring points A and B to meet point C.
- 4) Fold line EF away from you.
- 5) Fold line GH toward you.
- 6) Bring points E and F to E' and F'.
- 7) Give up in total confusion.
- 8) Tear up stupid instructions.
- 9) Tear up stupid fold-in.
- 10) Tear up stupid city.

FOUR LITTLE PIGGIES WENT TO THE AMPHITHEATER
ONLY ONE REMAINS





BOOGIE WITH CANNED HEAT

CONTAINS THE HIT SINGLE "ON THE ROAD AGAIN"

"Rings Around The Rhetoric."cont. from page 4

Soon the "Machine Men" arrive on the scene.
The demonstrators sit down and meditate.
The "Machine Men" tie threads to the police, as if they were puppets.
The "Machine Men" try to get out of the circle, but the threads prevent this.
They step over the demonstrators. They cross their arms and eye the demonstrators. A machine man points to some of the demonstrators. A demonstrator sticks his tongue out at a machine man. The machine men begin pulling the strings to prompt the police into action.
A policeman tries to gently stop a demonstrator.
The demonstrator ignores him.
Another policeman rushes in and clubs the demonstrator with a club.
A fight ensues.
The police try to escape, but the machine pushes them back with violent force. The demonstrators and the police fight.
The machine looks cool. They tie their shoes and pick dandruff from their shoulders. One part of the machine even has a small mirror, which he uses while combing his hair.
Every time a policeman tries to escape, a machine member grabs him and violently flings him back into the turmoil.

More action and more action:

Fight, club, spit, gouge, ugh, cry, hit, slam, vomit, martyr, strike, blow, mace, gas, defecation and urination, endure, crack, march, strike.

Almost the end of action:

By now the strings have gotten so entangled that nobody can move. All try to escape, none do.

To appear:

The characters of Circle III appear.
The characters are: Average Joe and Brenda Bikini.
Average Joe is dressed in shirt, tie and slacks. He walks into circle III, opens a can of beer, and proceeds to clean his fingernails. On his back is a sign--"I couldn't care less--don't bother me."
Brenda Bikini appears, sexed to kill. She spreads out her blanket next to Joe and begins to read a movie magazine.

The hosts beeps a horn, transfers his attention to circle III, and suddenly goes limp. He steps off the suitcase, carefully folds his cape, sits down, and, with head in hand, begins to cry.

Epilogue: To be read:

This ends the action in the circles. There is nothing left but the rhetoric. Go home and read what happened. Read until you are numb with confusion and drained of feeling. Read and try to think of what should have happened in the circles.

Unsigned



SEED YELLOW JOURNALISM AWARD

After days of judging (there were sooo many contenders), the Seed proudly presents its Pride of Pigasus Yellow Journalism Award to Victor Riesel for his stirring invective in last week's Chicago's (what an insecure city) American.

"O.K., let's talk about violence," the article begins. Riesel wants to show that he's "with it", so he quotes from various underground papers. He apprises those who were busy fighting for their lives that they were led by "select and skillfully trained 'street-action committees'" while they "rolled like soviet tanks in Prague." Of course, each "democratic-action squad" was "led by trained street rioters" who split at the last minute to let the "second line...take it on the skull." Cowardice, but what more could one expect from the Great Leader, who "was and is Hanoi's disciple, Tom Hayden."?

If you will refer to the schedule on page two, you'll immediately be ready to accept Riesel's contention that, "as had been planned...it all moved on a meticulous timetable...At the scheduled moment, the police lines were charged..."

Riesel must be right. He got his dope from "one of the official newspapers of the hippie-yippie movement." How else could he know that "self-proclaimed revolutionists...came here loaded--with money."? By now, everyone is aware that you can't pull off a "carefully executed invasion of a tortured city..." with less than "at least \$10,000 in (your) brackish jeans."

In a phone conversation with Abbie Hoffman, I learned that he had seen this marvelous bit of responsible journalism and planned to include it in his book--with an appropriate notation that Riesel is blind.

Affinity of the week--Clark Kissinger will submit to the City Council a petition calling for the renaming of Balbo Drive, scene of much of last week's fun and frolic. Kissinger feels that it is in poor taste to have a major thoroughfare named after a General who, with Mussolini, founded the Italian Fascist Party and led the Blackshirt march on Rome. Kissinger said, "if the mayor of the city of Chicago wants to defend the naming of that street, it is perhaps because some ideological affinity exists between the Chicago Democratic Party and the Italian Fascist Party."



The Original Sound Track Recording

Ravi Shankar "CHAPPAQUA"

Conrad Rooks' autobio film
starring himself and

Jean-Louis Barrault / William S. Burroughs
Ornette Coleman / Allen Ginsberg
Paula Pritchett / Swami Satchidananda

Rooks on the film:

"All I tried to do was create the psychic reality of what has happened so that it was believable to me. If it was believable to me it would immediately induce a state in the audience very similar to the state I was in. The strange part about it was that psychologically I blew up again. I got exactly the way I was when I was on drugs even though I was taking nothing."

Rooks on Shankar:

"He must be nearly 50. His fingers are absolutely bent from hours of practice and the callouses on them are unbelievable. He is an extraordinary man with a talent which I doubt I would find anywhere else. He would create music to the absolute segment of the picture. We would project it on a big screen and he would sit there with the musicians. He cannot read music, so we had to

hire a young guy to write it down --Shankar would hum the tune and the guy would write it down. Then we'd pass it out to the musicians and they'd play it. It fit just like building blocks. "He started before we had finished. Out of the ideas I got from him in terms of the music, I created more of the film from them. In other words, he was showing me the way to go, so why not go that way?"

On Columbia Records

BEATLES "REVOLUTION"

TWO VIEWS

The Beatles have finally dealt directly with the American radicals, politicians and activists of the student movement who have been demanding that they say something.

The Beatles have said something and what they have said is not going to be popular with many people. The more political you are, the less you will dig the Beatles new song, "Revolution".

"You say you want a revolution," the Beatles begin in this first release under their own firm, Apple. Then they sing, "Well, you know we all want to change the world."

So far, so good. The second line is without grounds for dispute, too. "You tell me that's evolution, well you know we all want to change the world."

Even the first refrain is within the line of politicians' reasoning: "But when you talk about destruction, don't you know that you can count me out."

That last bit is where the trouble begins. You can see the activists dropping away wholesale. How can you make omelets without breaking eggs?

Then the lads go on. "You say you've got a real solution, well, you know we'd all love to see the plan," indicating that they'll at least listen. Then they add something which speaks directly to a lot of people and their attempts to get The Beatles to do something: "You ask me for a contribution, well you know we are doin' what we can." And then they add a Joan Baez capper: "but if you want money for people with minds that hate, all I can tell you is, brother, you have to wait."

Even up to here, all the disc does is nibble at the edge of political put-down. The final verse really does it.

"You'll say you'll change the constitution, well, you know we all want to change your head"

You tell me it's the institution, well, you know, you better feed your mind instead

But if you go carryin' pictures of Chairman Mao, you ain't gonna make with anyone anyhow..."

So much for that. The echo which the Beatles stick into the space between the verses carries the distant refrain "Don't you know it's gonna be all right...all right?" and in the closing moments the words "all right" are repeated eight times.

So the Beatles say put down your flags and believe that all we need is love and say the word and you'll be free.

With the exception to the references to Los Angeles smog in "Blue Jay Way"...this song is the first one the Beatles seem to have directed towards Americans, specifically Beatles fans, student activists, Beatles fans all.

And the American activists are going to have to deal with this if they insist on the idea that the Beatles embody the youth movement and that is by radical definitions revolutionary.

They will also have to deal with what Paul McCartney told a reporter in the New Musical Express while discussing Apple's plans for help to creative people as opposed to giving the money to help, say, cripples:

"Cripples are not necessarily having a hard time of it," McCartney said. "And even if they are having a hard time of it, it's their hard time. It is, man. It doesn't matter what you say about helping cripples or India...there's no way to pour millions of pounds into India and make India all right."

Then the NME reporter asked McCartney if he hadn't seen starving people in India, and didn't it worry him.

"No. Starvation in India doesn't worry me one bit. And it doesn't worry you," he told the reporter, "if you're honest. You just pose. You don't even know it exists. You've only seen the Oxfam ads. You can't pretend to me that an Oxfam ad can reach down into the depths of your soul and actually make you feel for the people any more, for instance, than you feel about getting a new car. And don't say you wouldn't because that's the scene, with you and with most people. The point is also 'Do you really feel for Vietnam?'. And the answers are the same. Maybe I'd rather listen to a rock record than go there to entertain and maybe, underneath, that's the truth in all of us. I know one is morally better than the other, but I know I'd never get around to it. I'd be a hypocrite."

And there you have it. The answer to the questions raised by the people who wanted The Beatles to call out against the war in Vietnam. To the people who wanted the Beatles to endorse this or endorse that and contribute to this campaign or that one.

Where does it leave everything? Well, I for one welcome what McCartney said as a breath of fresh air. I think they are dealing with "what is" as Lenny Bruce did, and not in "what should be". And the on-

ly way we are ever going to get around to making what is into what should be is by starting with reality. For that I am grateful. Their attitude, as expressed by Paul, is much healthier than the patriotic crap peddled by James Brown and Martha Raye and Sammy Davis, and it faces up to the problem.

Money won't buy me love. Nor will it buy me salvation.

Ralph Gleason

God-fearing southern disc-jockies breathed a sigh of relief this week when the Beatles (who brought us the flower fascist maharishi last year) released their new single.

Now they can again play the group that is more popular than Jesus, and their new release is destined to be even more popular than 'Ballad of the Green Beret' if good old American ingenuity (payola) has anything to do with it.

If the words were groovy the music might be called funky if shitty piano is your bag. Sounding similar to their 'old sound', the new Beatles' record is a clear unmistakable call for counter-revolution.

Sounding like the 'hawk plank' adopted last week in the Chicago convention of the National Demokratik Death Party (which plank begins with the words "To end the war in Vietnam...") the Beatles' new creation starts "You say you want a revolution, well..." and goes on to say "everybody wants the world to change" so don't fight for it.

They spend a verse putting down Chairman Mao. O.K. He has lots of bad points, but he's not the one that people in the western world should be warned against. Nowhere in the song is the U.S. or British establishment attacked, or even criticized, only the people who attack or criticize the establishment.

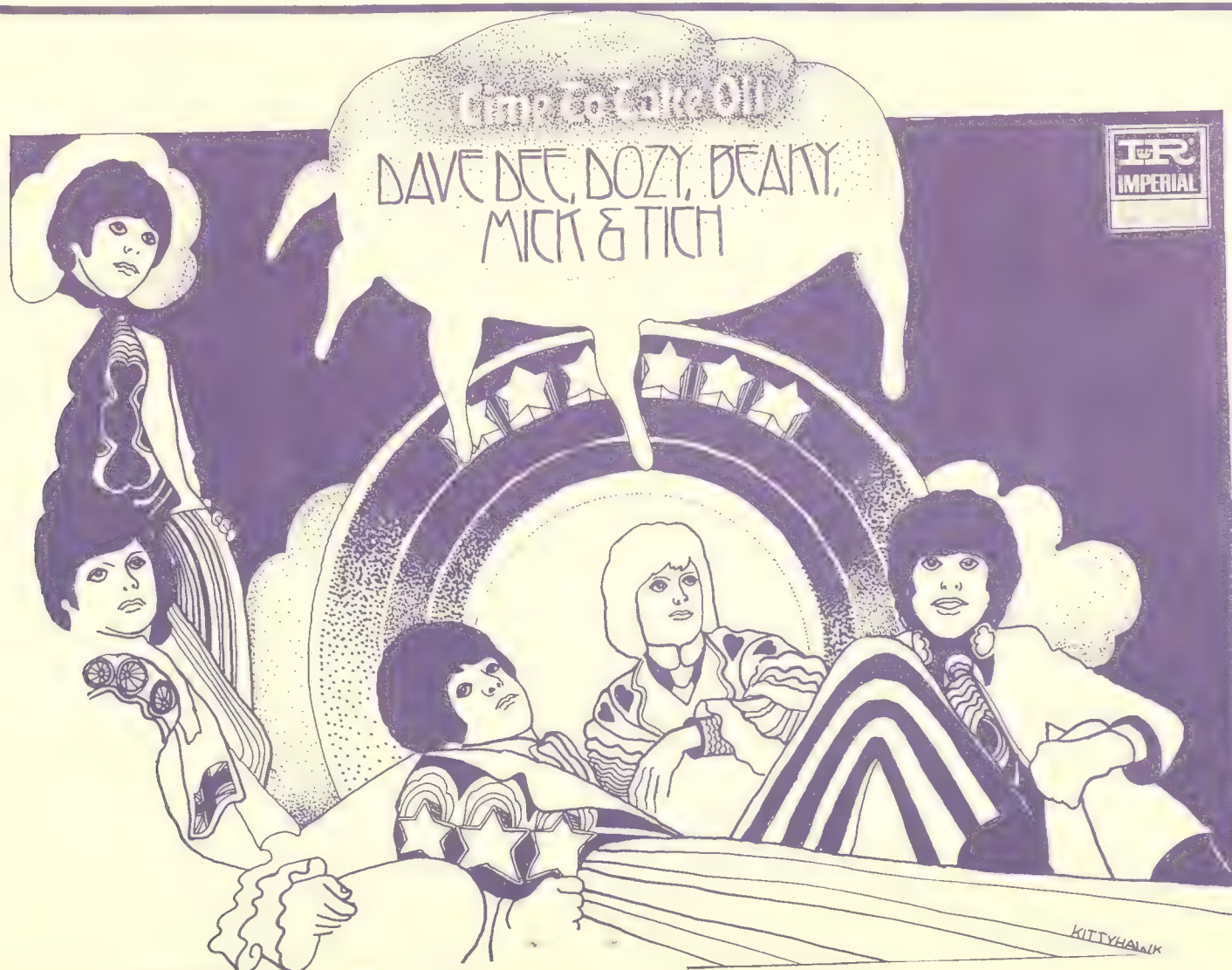
In an attack on the Black liberation movement they say they won't give money to "minds that hate" ... "brother you'll have to wait."

A few years ago they put out a song ("Taxman") which complained about giving money to the British Government. Now they say they won't give a "contribution" to the people who want a revolution. It seems their politics are close to home. If it hurts the boys, they're against it (and we all know a revolution would liberate some of their money). But if it only affects other people they're like the Maharishi who said "I don't care particularly about Vietnam."

In perfect 1984 style the song is called "Revolution." Good commercial title. The flip side is a boring love song called "Hey Jude".

Another English group also put out a new single last week, The Rolling Stones. It should be well received by local citizens; it's called 'Street Fighting Man' and, unlike the moss-gathering Beatles, the song lives up to its title.

Berkeley Barb



CHICAGO: SIRHAN SIRHAN is Society's Child

Last April 27th a large number of Chicago residents marched in protest of the Vietnam War. Mayor Daley's police force attacked and beat them.

For veterans of that March, events in the streets during the Democratic National Convention looked like a week-long rerun.

But this time Chicago was much, much more. The action in the streets involved the usual fights for turf. In Lincoln Park, in the Old Town area after being pushed out of Lincoln Park, then in Grant Park and in front of the Hilton, and later further downtown, kids met cops and displayed their incredible tenacity. Repeated gas attacks, repeated clubbings, repeated fearsome charges by Chicago's dregs simply could not stop the mixed bag of radicals, clergy, and McCarthy people from oozing back into the crevices of Chicago police city and making visible their claim to a piece of even the worst of America.

There was reason for claiming victory in Chicago. At last the country saw--though it took the beating of nearly thirty newsmen to provoke the media into covering it--that the most lawless and violent element in the society is the police.

If, that is, people chose to see it that way. Like most victories, this aspect of Chicago was a limited one. White Chicago supported Mayor Daley, supported his police in what they did. Huntley, Brinkley, and Cronkite didn't seem to like it, nor did the liberals on the floor of the Convention. But, after all, the law was being broken and that, not the beatings and the Gestapo, is what good, conservative America saw. Things like Chicago are polarizing events, not cataclysms. People whose hearts were basically against us heard about police being beaten and provoked and found reason for vigorous defense of what Dick Daley did.

It was the liberals, that bothersome group of politicians whom we have spent so much time analyzing these past few years, who decided to make the proper issue of what happened to us in the streets.

It is no mean thing to watch a national party's convention continually interrupted by delegates concerned with the safety of radicals, to hear the nation's biggest mayor accused by a U.S. Senator of practicing Gestapo tactics, and to hear members of the Convention speaking of consciously disrupting their party's show.

To be sure, not all was sweetness and light. The move to postpone the Convention has a strain of plain politics about it as well as protest--stopping the Convention might have increased McCarthy's chances for the nomination. When New Hampshire delegation's chairman Hoeh was beaten and carried out of the Convention by cops, he seemed to think the chief issue was that his faculty identification card had worked in the entrance machine. And McCarthy managed to conclude a statement on the cops busting a party of his workers by demanding the resignation of the National Committeemen who had chosen Chicago as the Convention site.

But the McCarthy kids seemed to know. They knew who and what had screwed them. They knew that the trouble on the floor had been caused almost exclusively by delegations of states which had had primaries. And they knew that the most important event of the week occurred when a policeman beat a cripple who could not move out of the Hilton entrance fast enough to suit their Fascist mentality.

So now what do we do about these liberals? We know where Al Lowenstein stands on left radicalism. We know Gene McCarthy liked Joe. We know what the Kennedy name has meant in reality to the people of Latin America and Southeast Asia. And yet there they were. On national television. Literally fucking the New Deal Coalition to death.

Ironically, the only element that came out of the Convention whole was the black element. The South is gone forever--all that remains are the machines without constituencies. Organized labor leaders will support Humphrey, but the rank and file will not. New class intellectuals are divided between those with the guts to stay home from the polls or support McCarthy should he choose to run, and those who are scared enough of Nixon to bother to vote. None of them will support the Hump with much enthusiasm--the strength of McCarthy's candidacy was the ultimate indication of the ascendancy of their power as a class and Gene McCarthy's defeat was their own.

Only the black people, not the young radical blacks, but the average moderates who always have and will continue to look for participation and liberal reform--saw the Mississippi and half the Georgia delegations booted out of the convention, saw black men nominated for both president and vice president, and may well continue to identify with the party of Roosevelt and Kennedy.

Perhaps it was fitting that both the streets and stockyards of Chicago should witness the first coordinated attack of the new age on the old. The city is a hell hole; it is run on a day to day basis precisely as was the Democratic Convention. It is the last of the big city machines.

But it was the first to have Allen Ginsberg, Jean Genet, William Burroughs, and Terry Southern attest collectively to its brutality. This was a part of the street assault. It occurred Tuesday night at LBJ's anti-birthday party when those four appeared on the Coliseum stage with Ed Sanders to read their statements on the happenings in Lincoln Park on the previous night. Dick Gregory spoke, as did Abbie Hoffman and Paul Krassner, who was in effect the keynote speaker.

cont. on page 24



THE GRAPE STRIKE

Do not buy California grapes. Do not buy wine made from California grapes. Do not buy the product of industrial-agricultural magnates who make their migrant labor work twelve hours a day, who pay \$1.30-\$1.40/hour for back-breaking work, who refuse to provide adequate sanitary facilities, who do not provide schools for fear of losing a 'valuable labor source', and who refuse to recognize any attempt at forming a union.

The United Farm Workers are engaged in multi-state picketing. They are being supported by the Peace and Freedom Party County Council. They need your support. So, once again, do not buy California grapes.



EGO TRIP

Hey mother-fucker! Now that I have your attention... have you thought of why this phrase is one of the worst things you can call someone?

Recollect the time when God was a woman--the Great Mother, Mother Nature. In the worship of many peoples, a priestess would represent the Goddess, and a king would be chosen to impregnate her (and eventually be sacrificed upon the accession of a new ruler). The obscenities of today are the religions of yesterday. Mother-fucking became a no-no only when God the Father became the authority. As we all know, father is the only one who's allowed to get to mother. The Oedipal myth was created as a dire warning to followers of the Old Religion: if you persist, you will be blinded (which is to say killed, since your light is your life; which is to say castrated, since your seeing is your knowing, and it is knowledge of a woman which counts).

Woman became property. "Mother-fucking" became an obscenity. Woman, and mothers, became, as Joffre Stuart has remarked, 'hot quite respectable.' But male instinct is correct, even if what is said is not, and when a man loaded with machismo-concepts states that he does not respect the woman but treats her well because he respects her man he is doing nothing more than worshipping Mother Nature to the extent of putting her on a pedestal. He cannot approach the life-bearer, he must direct his veneration through her seed-carrier.

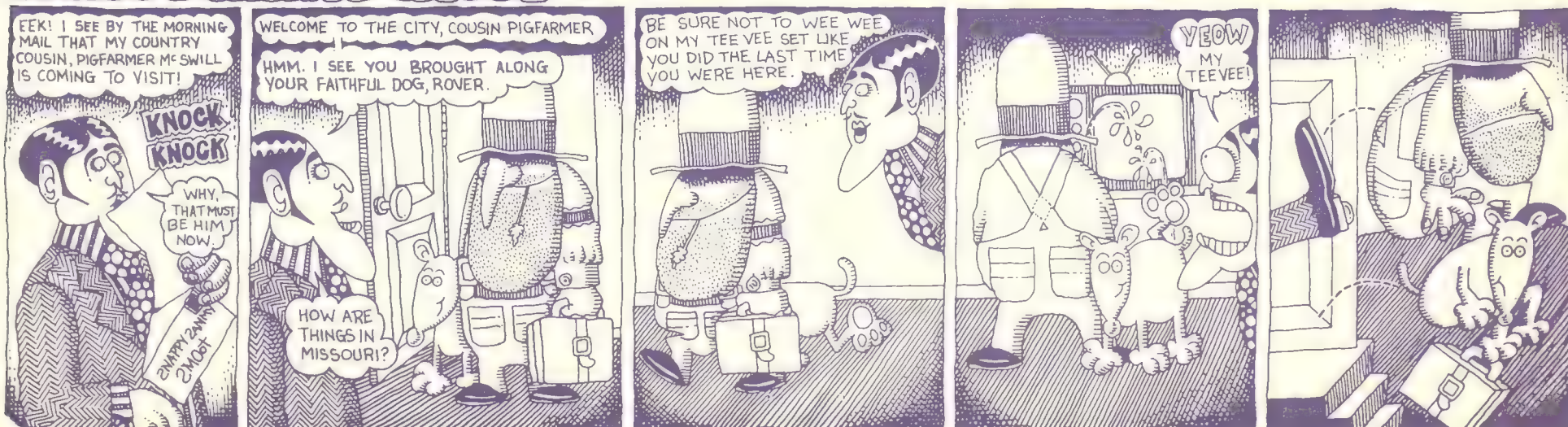
I wish that women who are afraid of loving, who would be all brain and no body could just relax and realize what they really are. I wish that men could realize that women being what they are takes the burden off them.

I am a mother. This implies that I've been fucked. Right--and, despite the racial deathwish, despite population figures, despite hangups and hassles, the continuation of life is really and truly where it's at.

If anyone calls you "mother-fucker" he is really in despair, looking for his father. Pity him. He will be back in the womb soon enough.

Valerie

SNAPPY SAMMY SMOOT by SKIP WILLIAMSON



Rubin On...

On Monday the ninth, Jerry Rubin responded to an article which appeared in the Chicago Tribune of August 31st. The article described the exploits of Robert L. Pierson, cop of the week, who, on leave as an investigator for the States' Attorneys Office, "infiltrated" the ranks of the Yippies to become Jerry's bodyguard.

On Pierson-- Bodyguards...were supposed to be uninvolved persons whose only role was the protection of the individual. I was introduced to...local bikers. Bob came highly recommended.

The first thing that struck my mind was 'who are they?'. But then I was very defensive...I didn't want to impose middle-class intellectual prejudices... 'Prove you're against the war.'... The fact is that if we're going to make a revolution...the working class and the young people are going to be moved emotionally...

At only one point did we suspect him as a cop...although when the tear gas hit Tuesday his incredible instinct was to run like a mother-fucker out of the park... A guy I was with, in hindsight only, said "You know, Bob stands like the man."

Pierson...was never near the action...What he's doing is exaggerating to appeal to his superiors by giving it a nice James Bond touch...He had probably made up his mind what his report was going to say before he made it out...because his mind was programmed for distortion.

Every incident he describes is either totally false or so distorted and to make its main import false...

On his arrest by the Red Squad: They were furious. They accused me of fucking up their city, of preventing them from working regular hours. They threatened to take me into an alley and fix it so I'd never come out again. Also, to put my body in a bag and throw it into the river. They were really pissed.

On the week that was: The context of the park scene was one of relationships being made between blacks and white drop-out, and white drop-outs and bikers. It had qualities of being more of a leather-jacket scene than a be-in scene. Most of us felt that this was one of the most important things about it...

We were so high that week, so high on our fantasies and so excited about the waves we were making and the historical tremors we were involved in, that we didn't stop to question every individual or every action.

On the conspiracy paranoia: At Eleventh and State they got into this whole conspiracy thing, and I said: "How can you accuse me or anybody else of a conspiracy or a power to control this whole thing when I personally know maybe 300 people here. Say I got up and told them to go home. They'd say 'Who's this Bird?'".

Al Rosenfeld

PETER, PAUL & MARY



Exclusively the new addition to the group, PPM's new album even further than concept of PPM, is a powerful and spiritual album. Lyrics, melody and sound, they sound like they're together again.



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BLACK POWER IN OLD ALABAMA

CONGRESSMAN FROM THAT STATE, Eugene P.R. Feldman, the DuSable Museum of African American History, Chicago, \$1.50

With the strengthening of the black freedom movement, more black history, forgotten and neglected for ages, is coming to light. In his new book Eugene Feldman unfolds the biography of a black congressman from Alabama, his life, his speeches, and his successful fight against the klan.

Black Power In Old Alabama... tells of the resistance to slavery in Alabama, resistance to secession, and struggles of Alabamians against the Confederate military efforts. It tells how blacks in Alabama helped frame a new government in that state, as well as a new political party.

American history books as used in our schools tell us that the period after the Civil War was a horrible time, with blacks threatening the "white civilization" with "savage Africanization". This idea is standard material in almost every U.S. history textbook our children read. Feldman refutes this, lambasts it, and repudiates it in his biography of a black congressman from Alabama.

James T. Rapier was born in Alabama of a white father and black mother. His father had him secretly tutored, since Alabama law prohibited education to blacks. Rapier then studied at Montreal College in Canada, and at Glasgow University in Scotland. He was one of the most astute, cultured and educated persons, says Feldman, to ever enter Alabama politics--then or now.

At the end of the Civil War, black people won greater rights. Rapier took part in the writing of a new constitution for Alabama. It was his aim to give all the right to vote without reference to color or former opposition to the Confederacy. By this means many blacks were elected to public office. Rapier also joined with others to form a new political party in the state, and later was elected to Congress.

In Congress he made a major speech for the passage of a Civil Rights bill. The entire speech, a classic address, is offered in the appendix of this biography. He said, among other things, that, if the black soldier could give his life to save the Union when it was having trouble recruiting enough men to fight, then he should have all rights that other citizens have. Certainly those--no more and no less. Rapier was emphatic, strong, and to the point. Here is a speech still worth quoting in today's struggle for human rights.

When the 15th amendment to the U.S. Constitution was ratified, Rapier led a parade in Montgomery to the capitol hill, where he made the speech of the day. Everyone carried a burning flambeau in a jubilee celebration. Little did they know that the measure would not be fully enforced. The march Rapier and his friends made then was a predecessor of the freedom marches of today.

When the klan rode several hundred strong to kill Rapier for his militant work, he recruited his own defense unit. The groups met and Rapier's life was saved. Many klansmen were found dead that next morning. These were indeed stirring times, as the title of the book says.

This book is worth reading as an antidote to the kind of history that has been and still is offered in our schools. The truth must finally come out. Black people made their vital mark in history, and this must be told. **Black Power in Old Alabama...** fulfills this measure in a strong and stirring way.

Yussef Benzalmon



--AFRICAN CIVILIZATIONS

Civilized nations and kingdoms have existed in all of Africa. Some might issue the disclaimer that, "well, there might have been civilization in Egypt and North Africa, but everyone knows that there were no cultures below the big desert." The truth is that there were great nations all through Africa. Ghana (in West Africa) was established as early as 300 years after the birth of Christ, and was the home of a strong culture until 1200 anno Domini. There were important cities, schools, large buildings with glass windows, and places of entertainment. The people traded in gold and salt, and did pretty well for themselves. I know that armies are not a measure of civilization, but in 1066, when the Normans conquered England with about 15,000 men, the King of Ghana had 200,000 soldiers at his command, including 40,000 archers.

What happened to Ghana? Like many other nations, it rose, reached a peak, and subsided. It was conquered by a nation called Mali, which took over not only Ghana but the surrounding areas. By this time, many West Africans had become Muslim, and the kings of Mali made holy pilgrimages to Mecca. One Mali monarch, Mansa Musa, took a caravan of sixty thousand persons with him to the Holy City. For spending money, he brought 80 camels, each laden with 300 pounds of gold dust valued at a million pounds sterling. Mansa Musa also built many educational centers in his kingdom. The city of Timbuctu was the site of a university center. All this happened while Europe was in the Dark Ages, devoid of large-scale college training except in Spain (to which the black Moors had brought learning).

The people of Mali wrote accounts of their lives, using the Arabic alphabet and their own West African language. The Arab historian Al-Vakri wrote of Ghana, and the Arab Ibn Batuta, the Venetian Cadamostoa, and the Christianized Arab Leo Africanus all chronicled the Mali civilization. Africanus wrote **The History and Description of Africa** (recently translated into English). Given a choice between death and Christianity, he studied the Roman doctrines and found them much superior to what he had accepted in the past.

He opted for baptism and the Holy Trinity, and was "rewarded" by being sold into the Pope's service. The Holy Father put him to work as a writer.

The third big country in West Africa was Songhay, which took over Mali. The kings of Songhay built Timbuctu into the finest center of learning in the civilized world and exchanged professors with other schools in Africa, the Middle East, and Asia (most of Europe had no-one to send). At the University of Sankore, black teachers taught black scholars law, literature, languages, math, astronomy, surgery and medicine. The kings and scholars even sent ships westward, and there is evidence of pre-Columbian voyages to the new world. Doctors performed operations on sensitive organs such as eyes, libraries flourished, and more money was made on the book trade than on any other item.

Songhay was destroyed by the evils of war and greed. Attacks from the North destroyed Songhay and its educational centers. The libraries were burnt, but the Frenchmen who later controlled the area were surprised to find that some of the "natives" had copies of Socrates and Aristotle in Arabic and the African tongues that were truer translations than their own.

Like the old serials: come next issue we'll unfold the magical description of the Kingdom of the Mon-go, glorious Zimbabwe and illustrious Kilwa. Was Africa the "Dark Continent"? No, the only dark things about it were melanin and our ignorance.

Eugene P.R. Friedman

Anyone wanting an extended course in Black history should contact Mr. Friedman c/o Seed.

Review

THE EXAGGERATIONS OF PETER PRINCE, Steve Katz, New York, Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$6.95.

The cortege wends its way down the funeral concourse. Editors and publishers light candles and shed tears while literary solons solemnly declare (bum-bum) **THE DEATH OF THE NOVEL**. A sombre scene, punctuated eerily by the laughter of Learyesque daemons.

If all the world's a stage, the players in the global village are becoming too turned on to quibble with dispassionate experiences like reading one-dimensional works. So Joyce penned the 'noblest failure', so Pynchon led us through the convoluted allegories of his mind, so McLuhan functions as cartographer for the uncharted macrocosm.

The novel strains and struggles against bounds of plot and expostulation. The inner trip of author's process monitors protagonist's march to nowhere-everywhere.

Linda Lawrence leaps from Katz's cerebrum into his book to ball Peter Prince while Philip Farrell decides whether or not to join the cast. Katz, anal retentive Katz tells you how while writing it.

clever alliteration
This book is impossible to read when stoned.


But what is it? A slice of internal-external life, a step into the flow, bouncy-bouncy along the pathways of the creative act. But negatives and Xed-out pages and (parenthetical remarks) and multi column story lines are only a form, only a process. Vot den?

It's interesting to play peek-a-boo with Prince Katz's head. He seems like a nice guy with a relatively novel approach to the novel's place on the cultural cusp, but he needs a concrete power-story to amplify his strobic innovations. The jacket proclaims that the plot "is simply meant to extend the reader's definition of fiction and life." Perhaps for some, but, given the imbalance between form and content, a cap of acid will do more for half the price.

Abraham Peck



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If you're on downers, Dr. Anthony Kales, a shrink at U.C.L.A., has news for you. He says most sedative drugs change sleeping patterns and alter behavior during the drugged period and for up to two days after. Kales and his researchers studied Doriden (glutethimide), Noctec (chloral hydrate), Noludar (methyprylon), Nembutal (pentobarbital), Benadryl (diphenhydramine) and Quaalude (methaqualone). All but Noctec reduced dreaming time and delayed its onset. After chloral hydrate, there was a decrease in aggression, anxiety, depression, and fatigue. The opposite proved true with glutethimide.

The armed services have disclosed a few of the newer gadgets for making mayhem among the Vietnamese. Toys like rapid fire howitzers light enough to be moved by helicopter and able to rattle off shells like a machine gun; "quiet" guns that weigh little but are able to spray enemy areas with small steel darts known as flechettes at high velocity; a helicopter-carried 'people-sniffer' that can detect the presence of enemy troops (or civilians) in the jungle below by means of scent analysis and then methodically wipe them out. And napalm still is in.

Hawaiian freaks are under pressure from the man (and some of the natives) throughout the island. There have been rumbles between flower creeps and the citizenry on the islands of Maui, Hawaii and Oahu. All is not peaceful among the potted palms of paradise. It seems much of the pressure comes from South European and Oriental immigrants, who fear that their children will pick up the habits of the "bearded ones" and that familial bonds will fall apart.

Yoko Ono. The name means "Ocean Child". Born during "Bird Year" in Japan, she says she spent her youth collecting the sky. After puberty, she adds, she gave birth to a grapefruit, collected snails, garbage cans, and clouds. She is 34, her father is president of a Tokyo bank and privy to a world that she despises. She put on an art show in a Tokyo gallery which featured nothing but blank canvasses. When the audience got up tight, Yoko stripped and hurled her clothes at the artless art fans. She is also a poetess, philosopher, composer, sculptress and underground film-maker. She is, above all else at the present, Beatle John Lennon's girlfriend. John says his six-year marriage is kaput ("But not legally."). Yoko is married to an American film producer and has a four-year-old daughter named Kyoto. Yoko Ono apparently has turned Lennon on like never before. "We're making vibrations together," she says. And she believes the vibrations they make will be around for the next 100 years.

Have you got an auto ego? Dr. James C. Crumbaugh, a clinical psychologist at the Veterans' Administration hospital in Gulfport, Mississippi, says that most teenagers (as well as a sizeable number of adults) do. Crumbaugh claims the auto to be an extension of the body image and, as such, gets a lot of tender loving care. Reporting in the quarterly of the National Association for Mental Health, he asserts that during adolescence, a time when physical strength and power are highly prized as indications of status and adequacy, the car becomes a symbol of achievement. When feelings of inadequacy develop, a car offers a compensatory means of hyping self-confidence. Among some youths, it offers a new and superior body to supplement the failing one of flesh-and-bones. Crumbaugh also claims that drag-racing affords a possibility for testing immortality. If the car crashes and the driver survives, he then transcends the death of his material-mechanical body by a temporary noncorporeal existence.

Bob Nysted



REVOLUTION

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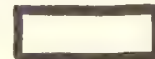
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The Three-Penny Cinema is holding an "Up Against the Wall" movie benefit for The Seed. If you take this ad in when you go to see "Revolution," two or more people can get in for \$1.50 each, instead of \$2.00. Please mark in box the number of people in your party. Offer good all the time the movie is playing.



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DO NOT HOLD DRUGS, WEAPONS OR OTHER ILLEGAL MATERIAL. THE STOP-AND-FRISK LAW PASSED ON AUGUST 22nd. THE BILL PERMITS POLICE TO SEARCH YOU IF YOU ARE "SUSPECTED OF HAVING COMMITTED OR BEING ABOUT TO COMMIT A CRIME." YOU CAN BE DETAINED FOR "A REASONABLE PERIOD OF TIME" AT THE SCENE OF THE STOP.

NOTES FROM THE UNIFORMED UNDERGROUND I:

Fort Hood, Texas--Josh Gould, manager of Mob's Oleo Strut coffee house, was busted for two seeds and some particles on the Friday before convention week. A court injunction has been issued against the Strut, and Gould's bail has been set at \$50,000.

The reasons for the bust seem obvious. An army document dated June 14th (before the Strut opened) states: "The purpose... is to attract military personnel for the purposes of indoctrinating them in dissident activities." Since an estimated 50% of Fort Hood's 30-40,000 troops use drugs, perhaps the government felt that this would be a good way to contend with two pressing issues at the same time. They may be too late: on the same day as Gould's arrest, 43 black soldiers were arrested for refusing to go to Chicago. Sunday morning was riot time in the stockade. LNS-NY

NOTES FROM THE UNIFORMED UNDERGROUND II:

Washington, D.C., 9/12--Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas blocked the transfer of 113 army reservists activated for Viet Nam duty. The soldiers, stationed at Ft. Meade, Maryland, charge that the 1966 law which authorized their call-up is unconstitutional because it usurps Congressional authority. 28,000 men have been affected by the action.

The reservists also allege that the law is ex post facto, since they had joined the service prior to its enactment.

Douglas granted the appeal (from the federal district court in Baltimore) without consulting Justices Warren or Black, who had previously refused to review the case. He claimed communications difficulties.



S. C. U. M.

New York, 8/16--Valerie Solanis, the 28-year-old leader of the Society For Cutting Up Men (SCUM), was declared incompetent and ordered committed to mental institution. Solanis shot Andy Warhol a while back. LNS-NY

L. S. D.

Portland, Ore., 8/24--A legal slipup has resulted in the invalidation of the Oregon anti-acid

In discharging charges of illegal possession of LSD against James Patrick Audrey of Medford, Oregon, Circuit Court Judge Samuel Bowe stated that the state had not followed the proper procedure in certifying acid a dangerous drug.

The DA of Josephine County immediately dropped charges of illegal possession against seven other persons. LNS-Mass

S. M. U. T.

Washington, 9/4--Senator Jonh McClellan gave an extra treat to staff member of noncommitted senators in his drive against the confirmation of Abe Fortas. McClellan showed three stag films, two of which Fortas had declared not to be pornographic (whatever that means).

L. E. G.

New York--A large group of off-duty patrolmen and civilians attacked a small number of Black Panthers and white sympathizers in Brooklyn Criminal Court on September fourth. The cops were members and/or supporters of the Law Enforcement Group, which favors the abolition of N. Y.'s half-measure Civilian Complaint Review Board and the removal of non-police workers from precinct houses.

The Panthers were in court seeking a bail reduction for three brothers charged with assaulting police.

Mayor Lindsay responded in typical un-Chicago fashion. Calling the attack "shocking", he said, "Is it any wonder that there is disrespect for police? Those involved have indirectly condoned what they sought to protect..."

The Panthers filed a suit in Federal Court on 9/10, calling for decentralization of the New York



City Police Department and protection from harassment by patrolmen.

U. A. W. M. F.

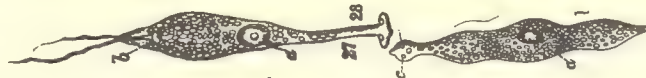
Leaflet--The hip community is not in Boston or New York or San Francisco. It's wherever we are. We are the community--a free community. We threaten the establishment by our very existence--we are what they cannot be.

The judge... who attempted to force ten of our brothers and sisters to leave town understood that. He said we were the worst thing that has happened to Boston--worse than murderers & crimes & wars--worse because we want to be free and we will be free. They cannot force us out or up against a wall. We will be pushed only so far. Our community is growing & we must build that community--that is our strength.

"Watch out--or we will bury you."

Boston Freeman
Up Against the Wall Mother-
Fucker (LNS)

columbia



New York, 9/12--S.D.S. forces battled with campus cops outside the meeting place of faculty members attempting to avert last spring's disorders. Trouble came when 200 S.D.S. people tried to address the 800 faculty to ask amnesty for all students arrested last term.

After being blocked for 40 minutes, the contingent marched to the school of international affairs, formerly headed by interim President Andrew W. Cordier. Cordier has been accused by the Columbia Steering committee having been responsible for the murder of Patrice Lumumba during his tenure as Under-Secretary of General Affairs at the U.N. (when he headed the 18,000-man Congo expedition of 1960. According to Conor Cruise O'Brien, Cordier bankrolled the right wing with U.N. funds while denying Lumumba access to Radio Leopoldville. In addition, the school of international affairs trains both American and native career diplomats for festering Latin America.

None of last year's demands--the removal of the Institute for Defense Analysis, the cessation of work on a gym being erected in Harlem's Morningside Park, the re-instatement of SDS Chairman Mark Rudd and five other leaders--have been met.

School opens in two weeks. Rudd has promised a day of protest for each demonstrator sentenced and a royal welcome for the Hump when he visits



the campus. It remains to be seen whether the administration's petition to drop 400 misdemeanor charges and Cordier's offer to reinstate 42 of the 154 students suspended for criminal trespass will siphon off moderate support. Tomec Smith, Student Council President, has characterized the actions as a "Machiavellian maneuver", and SDS' Lewis Cole has decried the lack of "a meaningful structure to change the power relationships" and the continued prosecution of people from the Harlem community who were arrested last spring. The grievances are unchanged, and Cordier has excepted Rudd and 29 others from his 'return with censure' move.

U. W.

Seattle, 9/11--A two-year 'pass-fail' experiment will begin this fall. Students will be able to take a bloc of p-f' courses outside their area of major concentration.

O. U.

Athens, Ohio, 9/12--Dr. Vernon Alder, Ohio U. president, has opted for the business sector. Alder announced his retirement, effective next June. Over a thousand students faced 650 guardsmen last May after stoning the pres' house in connection with non-academic labor trouble.

R. U.

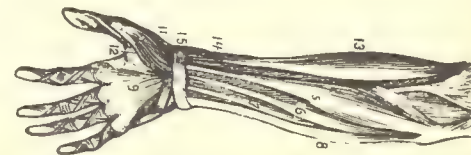
Chicago, 9/12--Four of the 13 Roosevelt U. students arrested for breaking into President Rolf Weil's office last May were suspended for a term in accord with the recommendation of a student-faculty committee. Two will probably be allowed to register because 'personal reasons' prevented their attendance at the hearing; the remaining nine will be on dis. pro. and have to pay \$200 damages.

Roosevelt exploded last year when Weil refused to hire Prof. Staughton Lynd because of his radicalism and 1965 trip to North Vietnam.

WOW:

Chicago, Sept 12--Robert Bostwick, 54, attempted to atone for his son's waywardness by enlisting in the army and the marines. Robt. Jr. was recently arrested in Long Beach, California for going to a dance clothed in a shirt made from an American flag.

The elder Bostwick was rejected by both services.



BOTH SIDES SIT IN

New York, 8/23--Fifteen members of the Philadelphia Resistance attempted to liberate the Tass (Russian News Agency) office to put a pro-Czech message on its TELEX. The message was, after much hemming and hawing, accepted by Russian officials, but was never transmitted.

Voluntown, Conn., 8/25--Six Minutemen raided the Committee for Non-Violent Action's farm headquarters. Armed with rifles, Molotov cocktails and gas, they shot it out with Connecticut state troopers. Three Minutemen, one trooper, and one CNVA worker were wounded. The six were charged with assault by the state after the CNVA people refused to sanction the "moral right" of the police.

It was the Minutemen's third attempt in two years to destroy the farm.

BROTHERLY LOVE:

Summit, Ill., 9/12--Peace seems to have come to Argo Community and Zion-Benton High Schools after three days of racial violence. The major issue at both schools was the desire of black students to include Negro history courses and works of black writers in the curriculum and the reaction to this request by a faction bedecked with Wallace buttons.

TECHNOLOGY vs THE PEOPLE:

Paris, 9/12--The French government has spent \$700,000 for the black-topping of 137,580 meters of pavement in the Latin Quarter area to prevent the conversion of picturesque paving stones into weapons of self-defense.

(source--Chicago Trib. - gahh)

Feedback

We deplore the present Police Military actions in Lincoln Park. We believe the Yippies when they tell us that they have more important things to do than have a confrontation with the Police and Military. We further deplore the use of brutality against members of the news media.

We feel that the Ordinance closing the Park at 11:00 P. M. is not of greater authority than human life, and the present use of force to enforce that ordinance is unjustified. If youth want to sleep in the park, rather than take their lives and beat them, we feel that the city should open the park to them. We would furthermore condemn the overindulgence of police and military in the city and would request immediate de-escalation within the park so that peace can be restored.

We believe that people should be allowed rightful redress of grievances and that democratic voice be re-instated as a right within the City of Chicago and within the United States...

Reverend D. Doering
North Side Co-operative Min.

The preceding was received during Convention Week. We extend special thanks to the NSCM and the Medical Committee on Human Rights. We do not wish to let the points of view expressed in this letter fall by the wayside. Anyone having documentary evidence should bring it to:

Seed--837 N LaSalle Street--837 N. LaSalle St
American Civil Liberties Union--6 S. Clark Street--236-5564.
Chicago Legal Defense Committee--127 N. Dearborn

Testimony and evidence are needed to prevent a power-structure whitewash. Good photos and notarized, detailed statements are of the utmost importance. If you don't help, then don't bitch.

Dear Seed,

After experiencing (through the medium of the tube) the abominable horrors that the men of Chicago's "brutality squad" carried out, I'm thoroughly outraged at the ignorant and horseshit behavior shown toward our out-of-town friends, who calmly tried to straighten out some issues at Grant Park.

It was really something--dear and darlingly obese Mayor Daley playing the role of sadist. Congratulations, you fat oaf. Millions saw you, and you always wanted to make the big time.

This makes me feel worthless, because there isn't anything a free person away from the scene can do. One can't hasten to help out and kill the bloody bastards cuz "our" society frowns upon animalistic behavior (except when it's by the police--then it's all right because they have badges).

This situation... constantly happens in our city. It was even sadder because at the Convention all motions to suppress the sadism and cruelty at Grant Park and the Conrad Hilton were IGNORED. But what can one expect from a party that has his honor the Mayor in it and a jackass for a mascot?

It's sad that things like this happen in this country, especially to people who are trying to help better it.

I apologize to those who visited the free city. As of tonight, I renounce my citizenship--because I do not wish to think of being in the same category as those pigs!

Saddened and sorry

What the Mayor and his goons fail to realize is that many Chicagoans are outside agitators--outside his system and agitating for change.

The Seed invites all our out-of-town friends to return whenever events require their presence.

Don't worry about not being "on the scene". The scene will soon come to you.

Dear friends,

I have been one of those who mourned lack of organization and awareness of "political realities" in the Movement. As frequently happens, the wish for more sophistication was granted--unfortunately.

Perhaps the leaders who assumed their positions noticeably in Chicago are indeed subversives, unknown to themselves. I say this not because I have grown senile or traitorous, but because I see this Revolution, like previous ones, reduced to tactics and propaganda ploys--thinking no different from Richelieu's in any way save environment.

These leaders in time may become what most successful revolutionaries became, discovering themselves laden with authority--the mirror images of what they violently opposed.

This Revolution was not to have been the same, but the first Revolution in recognition:

a Revolution of our common experience of the divinity of life (freed from division into objects and hours)

a Revolution without hatred, without sides, without enemies.

I must ask, whatever the consequence,

where is our Revolution?

If there is an alternative to throwing shit at people, or playing the Opposition in the game of "hit me" (reinforcing each other's hangups), it lies in the original major impetus of the Movement: stripping ourselves of the ancient prejudices of the ego and its desires, and being as close as we in fact are, which is ultimately merged--fearless, deathless.

This Revolution is not political, nor otherwise squeezed into a category. It continues, no matter where the leaders take their confused followers. It's hard to see in a crowd.

Many will be wounded, many will be bitter and lose their joy--lose it in hatred, in curses, in plots and counterplots, in fear of pain and the self-conscious nobility of their bravery, in relating what they have borne for the sake of the cause. They will play heroes and villains, count gains and losses, and never be content.

The first Revolution is perpetually beginning. It begins when we lose our innocence and when we regain it.

With love,
Cynthia Edelman

Dear Cynthia,

All the flowers died from teargas. Brown-green grass was smoked, but green grass and grey concrete were dyed red by the blood of our brothers and sisters.

Not the Movement, but a branch of it, a branch of a tree that a crazed country is trying to exterminate, as it is doing to other trees and meadows and places of calm and beauty.

America, our America as well as theirs, in is chaos. Both sides (they exist in the pragmatic, like it or not) are taking off their finery and closing for each others' throats. There are chasms when you are beaten for favoring peace, for smoking flowers, for saying that complexion is a meaningless delineator. And the raging passions have reached a point so high on the scale that to speak of ethics and values may result in being attacked by both sides.

That is why people such as you (and I) will fight and protest in accord with our philosophy until both sides become frenzied that they stop their infighting and simultaneously scream "Move on over or we'll move on over you!" That is why some circles on our side regard Yippie as the far right of the Revolutionary Movement.

Liberation News Service, our news service, recently split, with one faction staying in New York to fight the "political" battles while the other hied itself to the farmland of Massachusetts to "fight the Revolution of the 1970s." They both deserve to survive, for they address themselves to two sets of problems and issues that must be solved, yet the N.Y. organization will probably have the greater success. They may not be as "high", but few things can remain "noble" and "elevated" in a society on the brink of fragmentation.

See you in the mountains. I may have a flower, I may have a gun. Like it or not, sick, fat, old, decadent America has put everyone on its trip.

With love,
Abe

Dear Seed,

Before today I had never really been pissed off at the cops. I went over to my friend's house... We sat on his porch and chanced to see two cats rob a man whose car had stalled at the corner. When those "dazzling men in blue" finally did hit the scene, the guys had split, never to be seen again. From where me and Bern were, we had clearly seen the man's attackers, and therefore tried to give the cops their description, make of their car, etc. But they wouldn't listen. It seems that two longhaired "hippies" in army jackets, work shirts, levis, sandals and buckled shoes could not possibly be trustworthy enough to tell them what had really happened. One of them (a thick-headed ass) even resorted to swearing at us, and almost captured us for the robbery because we "looked suspicious".

So we left and figured "hell to them". We wouldn't have thought of helping the shitasses except that the old man was in a bad way about being robbed and having his life threatened.

How's that grab you? In our "Great Society" you can't even help the police force in the way they want unless you're wearing a crewcut, suit and silk tie. Pretty soon you'll have to call them for an appointment.

C. F. Waedt

Tell me your troubles,
I have nothing to do.
I will always listen,
Maybe that will help you.
I've no advice to offer,
You really don't want it anyway.
But it may help you
If I just listen
To what you have to say.

B. S.
Great Lakes Naval Air Sta.

Feedback

To L.B.J.,

Beneath the soil of this earth lies a body of a man who never was able to vote. Beneath the soil of this earth lies a body of a man who could never drink legally or do what he wanted to do to his own mind and body. Beneath the soil of this earth lies the body of a man who was in his prime. Beneath this earth lies the body of a man who had the right of freedom of speech. Beneath the soil of this earth lies the mind of a man who did not know the whole meaning of love but knew hate well.

The family of this man is in shock and sadness. But the rest of the country, asshole government officials and newsmen, are overwhelmed with happiness--for the death toll for today was only one.

Peace,
J.S. 2729

Dear Seed,

When wanton killings of youth become an almost daily occurrence, it becomes necessary to look into the mental conditions of the killers if peace is ever to be had again in our cities.

Mad dog killers in blue are no less a menace than the worst criminals imaginable. Let the community demand a sanity trial for Patrolman Nuccio.

Protect our youth!

Loveable Old Doc Stanley

For a long time there has been a good deal of hypocrisy in the public reception of books about the American Indian. There are a few people who study the subject seriously and there are kids looking for adventure and wood-lore. Well, let a book seem "serious" and it will be purchased by people who'll never read it, stocked by libraries, awarded literary prizes.

In fact, most of these books are deadly boring to anybody but a specialist. The writing is bad, and worse, the subject makes white people feel bad. Perhaps it is because they have never wept over their history...

The United States "pacified" the Indians and learned nothing from their misery. Instead, generations of whites have created a language for talking about the Indians, a sentimental language that transforms the Indian into a noble savage or a Natural Man.

...The new books will be written by us, and we'll be the toughest critics American Society has ever had--somebody, somewhere had better be ready to give us good answers.

Right now, somewhere in this vast rich country, an Indian mother--she may be Navajo, Choctaw, Apache, Athapascan, Eskimo, or Blackfoot--lives with the anguish of knowing that her children will go to bed hungry again tonight. Tonight and years of nights to come. She may know that her children have the shortest life span of any group in America. Certainly, she knows as her mother before, that there is little hope that her children's lives will be much better than her own.

Perhaps she is a member of the proud Athapascan Nation. Outside her one room family shack is a fishwheel slowly turning with the current of the Tanana River in Alaska, the entire material possession of her family. In the smoke-house the drying fish caught by the fishwheel will be bundled and taken to the only village store, bundles that will possibly sell for as much as one hundred dollars. She has been drying fish for months, and it will be another month before it is completed. But the money she receives from it will see the family through the next winter... It will if the village store gives her a good price but the store is owned by city folk who are not hungry. Some of the fish must be cooked for the only food that goes onto the kitchen table...

The government of the United States signed the first treaty with the Delaware tribe at Fort Pitt in 1778. It was broken by them a short time later. During the next ten decades over 400 treaties were negotiated with Native Indians by the government, and 375 of these were ratified by the Senate. Virtually all of them were broken. Very few were fair to the Indians, nor were they meant to be kept by the whites when they were signed. Too many of them were made by members of the various tribes (often bribed) who did not have the authority to represent the entire Indian nation with which the treaty was made. Because of such treaties there are such black pages in American history as the Cherokee "trail of tears", along which the Cherokee were driven--from the lush mountains of the Appalachians to the hot, parched plains across the Mississippi. On the way strong warriors wept and mothers watched their children starve to death.

After fighting gallantly beside the Americans in the war of 1812, the Choctaws signed the Treaty of Doak's Stand, in which they sold thousands of acres of their land to the U.S. They were promised by Andrew Jackson that "pegs would be driven, lines marked, never to be obliterated"... A few years later, shortly after Jackson took office, the Choctaws were forced to leave their Mississippi hills and go to a reservation in the Indian Territory. Tribe after tribe was to suffer the same fate... Finally, almost all the Indians were placed on reservations like so many cattle on land that was, for the most part, worthless and wanted by no-one else--yet.

But the "coup de grace" was not yet delivered... Desiring more land, whites offered them money. Cash for their meager allotments of land, and the starving Indians had no choice but to accept it... It wasn't until Congress passed the Indian Reorganization Act in 1934 that a halt was brought to the unrestricted sale of the remaining Indian lands.

The Depression was followed by World War II and few people concerned themselves with the fate of the remaining "savages". During the war Navajo soldiers whose services in coding and communications were invaluable brought fleeting glory to their people, but, upon their return, they were no longer heroes--just Indians...

...the Athapascan Indian mother in her one-room shack. Possibly this year her son will be taken away to one of the Indian boarding schools. His hair will be cut and he will be given a new name. He will be taught to read and write, but he will be taught shame--the shame of being one of the first Americans...

...As a people, we Indians today aren't mad at anybody or anything. We are sitting on our pacification-built lethargy waiting on our government checks and the next bottle of whiskey. We are all middle-aged (18-24) and the lowest class--without hates, envies or confusion. We have no causes, goals or objectives, and shy away from those who do. As a people we are dead, and we died of a pacification program inflicted by our government and perpetuated by us.

Our fears are as nebulous as our small attainments, and our hatreds among ourselves are as impersonal as our friendships to exploiters. We are too beaten to be proud, too poor to be humble. We believe our struggles are dead, and pray that someone else will protest for us.

Our only enemies are those who threaten our government checks and our booze, and we hope not to defeat them, but to ignore them. We are dead...

Where are the young bucks in the picket lines? The biggest protest groups are in Canada... If you're not radical when you're young, you've already begun to die.

Our forefathers were quite a long way removed, socially and geographically, from any high school or university, but they knew more and cared more for their families and homes than any relocated student or resident student does today. Human rights were personal things. They were one in spirit with the warriors of their nation. They threw their spears and arrows... Compassion hadn't yet gone out of style, and they weren't too defeated and poor to be sentimental.

Nothing seems to make us angry anymore. The pictures in the press of Indian shacks in Arizona or malnutrition in Canada awakens a slight feeling of pity which we douse with whiskey... Plans for organization are brought out now and again, but our apathy kills its formation in embryo.

The only ones... among our population who are angry at anybody are the teen-agers, and they are angry at their parents... The old Indian has lost his patriotism through defeat, and the new Indian has not had a chance to learn what it is. Only the WASP Americans are patriotic, hot for America as a whole, but for its white society. In a continent that is overwhelmingly English-speaking and threatening our language and our way of living, we Indians are the only ones with something left to be mad about...

...Of course, we refuse to become angry about the Bureau of Indian Affairs Termination Act and the paternalism policy. If the government built the reservations, let them have jurisdiction over it, and if the government rubber-stamp Indian agents take their orders from Washington, that's all right with us. Didn't the OIA say they were on our side and didn't they promise us a better life?...

...The fact that we may all be extinct in the future doesn't seem to bother us at all... We're not even mad at the exploiting whites for keeping us in poverty, even though we know that... they will only hire our "finger dexterity"...

Samuel Johnson said that patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel, but we seem to have run out of scoundrels in the Indian Nation...

...Today we are unimpressed by our oppression and indifferent to inequalities... The Washington protestors, like the reservation complainers, are something we would like to forget... We have conditioned ourselves to ignore such minor irritations as extinction, starvation, infant mortality and dirt-floored shacks. Only the very new Indians embarrass us by hollering... We now longer understand why young bucks leave the reservations or why they prefer the city. "Those uncle-Tomahawks don't know how good they had it..."

There are still angry red men who denounce the intruders with their silly smiles and the trappers who believe the government is trying to starve them into the cities. There are also a few angry young bucks here and there, but their anger is petty and petulant, and is motivated by personal gripes rather than widespread anger... Today our councils are as dead as we are. The last leader who could make us really mad, Geronimo, is gone, and to all intents and purposes so are Rolling Thunder, Mrs. Iola Hayden and Emil Hotti. Dr. H. Adams angers a few of us for a minute or two, but his drumbeating hits us like long-haired music. The protests are dead, the organizations are dying, and our council is under a new Government name.

...For such a brave and hearty people, we Indians gave up our anger early. I can't think of anything that will make us collectively mad except genocide or a nationwide starvation of whiskey. A hundred years ago this would have made me mad, but today--"I couldn't care less."

Adam John
Full blood Athapascan
Anchorage, Alaska

STEAK AND YE SPECIAL FOND

FOR SALE--27 foot Palmer and English seagull outboard. S.S. rigging and sails, sleeps four (similar to Kingscruiser)--\$2500. Write P.O. Box 4700, Chi 60680 or leave message at 549-1059.

FOR SALE--1960 Morris Minor 1000 convertible, good cond., needs some work. \$400. Write Earl Segal, P.O. Box 4700, Chicago 60680 or leave message at 549-1059.



Meridith Ann Bradford
6325 Legett Ave, Chi.
5'4", 130 pounds,
brown hair, almost
black eyes.
Phone parents at
763-4961 or Seed.

OLFACTORY INCENSE: Free catalog--Retail and wholesale, 1857-C 7th Street Santa Monica, California.

FEMALE FIGURE MODELS WANTED: For art class meeting on Friday evenings. Good pay. Call Bud at 348-7913 eves.

FEMALE FIGURE MODELS WANTED: For art class meeting on Friday evenings

WANTED: HOUSEKEEPER AND MOTHER for four-year-old. Six rooms. All conveniences and salary. Call Eli, 528-8450

internationally-known figure photographer needs photogenic female models for figure and glamour studies. Experience not necessary. Call 872-3597 evenings.

MARRIED MAN FROM LA TO BE IN CHICAGO ALONE FOR ONE MONTH, DESIRES WOMAN, MARRIED OR SINGLE. P.O. BOX 75482, L.A. CAL. 90005.

Dog needs home desperately. Good watch dog, small... housebroken all shots. FREE... call Wh-4-8846 1226 N. State Apt. 12 Hanning.

Girl seeks open-minded female room-mate to share large furnished apt. and expenses. Beautiful minds only: no speed freaks/straights. Box OM, Seed.

A revolutionary pacifist
A non-violent anarchist
And a junior executive,
Being all the same guy
(tall, single, 30s), in-
vites telephone communi-
cation from interested
girls in their 20s (or so).
252-6729, leave message.

Handsome young business execu-
tive interested in uninhibited, ex-
perience female sex partner. Must
be on the "pill". Prefer shapely
single female 21-28 years of age.
Should be able to converse intelli-
gently on subjects dealing with sex,
art, politics, folk music and philo-
sophy. No time for phonies, butter-
flies, beginners or misguided virgins.
Replies from those not meeting requir-
ments will be destroyed. If you swing
and think you know the score, write,
enclosing name, phone, and full-
length pix to Box CUP c/o Seed. All
replies strictly confidential--an equal
opportunity employer.

FOR SALE: Army officers' overcoats. \$12. All sizes, 943-7547. 6-10 P.M. & weekends.

Guy 28, new in area, would like to meet attractive, intelligent girl 21-29 for dates, fun, and friendship. Larry, 394-2577.

ROOM-MATE WANTED: To share rent up to \$100/month total on the South Side. Call Roger, 523-0933 any time.

FEMALES MODELS NEEDED: For photography. Write--age age 18-30--up to \$25 an hour--call 328-2294.

\$5,000 REWARD

For information leading to the discovery of the present whereabouts of

ELIZABETH (Liz) ERNSTEIN

Who disappeared on the afternoon of March 18th on her way home from Moore Jr. High School in Redlands.

DESCRIPTION:

14 years old, 5'5" in height, 105 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes.

P.O. BOX 302, Redlands, Calif. 92373

DIRECT ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO: NORMAN ERNSTEIN

Blues band needs drummer and bass. Must be experienced. Travel. Box GM, Seed.

NEED RIDE: Immediately, to Santa Fe, New Mexico, or pass way if going to Fresno. Two guys, will help with gas. Write Box ZZ, Seed.

Neat 5'11" blue-eyed goodguy, 30s, seeks groovy mod time w fem under 28 who features mini garb, cooks jello, digs my bud-dies & brand new apt. near Plyby. Mr. Clean. 944-2262.

Philosophy student, poet, seeks intelligent shapely girl friend. Call CUI-8223, 6-11 PM.

Seed editor wishes to hear from anyone possessing a meeting place (normally public--to insure against police intervention) suitable for weekly gatherings of about 50 people. Purpose--to discuss alternate life styles, affinity groups, items of community interest. Call Abe Peck at 337-2623.

NUDE-IN: First try at nude-in cocktail party for beautiful people from 21-30. Couples and will match single guys & girls in number. Send photo and phone to Box PP, Seed.

WORK WANTED: Expert masonry concrete, brickwork, tuckpointing, steps, porches, patios, driveways, foundations, garages, sidewalks. For free estimate call 528-8450.

Young negro man would like to meet Caucasian lady for sex and friendship. Send photo and phone # to Box XY, Seed. All information kept in strict confidence.

Name: Valerie Orabutt Age: 15 Wght: 115 Hght: 5'2" Hair: Long blonde Eyes: Blue Medium Build No scars Left home on Aug. 28 Family desperate: Any information to Seed, 337-2623 or to 4541 N. Monticello, 478-8503.

Anti-Humphrey? "Dump HHH" in 4" letters anywhere. Reusable stencils \$2.00 each. No C.O.D. Tom Buckley, 249 Union Ave. Paterson, N.J. 07502 (201-279-7054.)

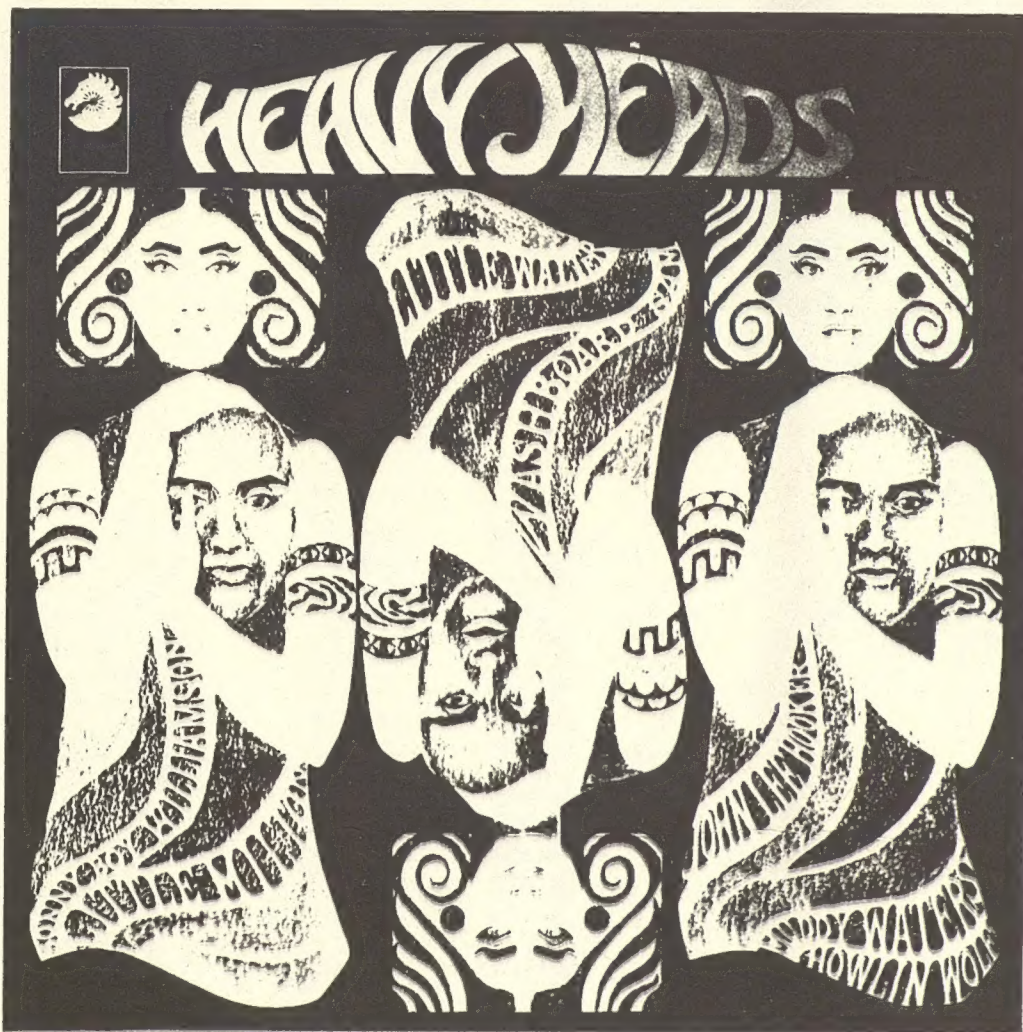


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